



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

A SOCIALIST sends me a very long letter giving his version of the trial at Boise City that has excited so much interest all over the continent. He finds fault with my statement, made on this page, that the Socialist papers have indulged in "wild talk" concerning the trial and the crimes that preceded it. Apparently this man divides the press of America into two classes, the "capitalist press" and the "Socialist press." There is published at Girard, Kansas, a paper called The Age of Reason, which our correspondent appears to regard as a thoroughly reliable journal, but I have only to say, after reading The Age of Reason off and on for several years, that the man who can regard it as sane, as guided by any desire to be fair in its judgments of men and measures, must himself be biased and blinded beyond hope of recovery.

A timid woman on a lonely road will fancy she sees an enemy, human or animal, behind every shrub or crouching in every deep shadow, and the man alarms himself in a way equally foolish who thinks he sees the capitalistic influence governing every newspaper that, still reposing some faith in mankind, refuses to accept the whole programme of the Socialists. "Why," demands this correspondent, "did not the daily newspapers devote as much space to Haywood's evidence in denial as they did to Orchard's so-called confession?" Not, as he implies, because the daily press is in the service of capital as against labor, nor with Orchard as against Haywood. There is a simple and natural explanation of it that no sensible man in this age of reason need overlook. The press gave unlimited space to Orchard's sensational story and but limited space to Haywood's evidence in rebuttal, for the same reason that crowds will rush to a fire while few will gather to see workmen clean up and cart away the charred timbers and other ruins left by the flames. Orchard's evidence was as sensational as a conflagration; it was this lurid quality in it that caused the whole world to look and listen. Rebuttal evidence may be quite as important as accusatory evidence, and often is more important and more true, but it never commands as much popular and newspaper interest. News has to be new for the purposes of the press, and the man who talks first gets the most space in print. There is no deep, dark plot in this—no conspiracy on the part of the press. The journalist merely obeys his instinct.

In the Socialist press, in the speeches and conversation of too many of those who avow themselves Socialists, there is observable this tendency to overlook simple and natural explanations of men's conduct, and seize upon that which is sinister. If a judge on the bench gives a verdict that does not suit them they overlook the simple explanation that he is a man reared in a school of thought different from theirs, that he is steeped in law, a worshipper of precedents, and that, from his very nature, he takes alarm at a new idea too suddenly set in front of him, as readily as does a farmer's young roadster when for a first time it sees an automobile come snorting at it wrapt in a cloud of dust. These men make no allowance for the judge. They say his decision was wrong; that he knew it was wrong; that he must have been paid to give this wrong decision; that the newspapers which do not forthwith denounce him must also be in the hire of the capitalists.

They seem to think that all the evil that exists is created deliberately and knowingly, whereas it is nearly all due, according to the observation of some of us, to the fact that most human beings are stumble-footed. Socialism is greatly to be preferred to the Socialists. This religion, like every other, is vastly superior to its professors. It is discredited by bitter, and therefore bad, advocacy. Every man believes in much that Socialism teaches, and would say so but for the fact that he would be hailed as a brother by men who use red-flannel language and denounce others just as honest and earnest as themselves, and likely to accomplish much more in this world for human betterment than those who begin by assuming that the great majority of men are black-hearted upholders of innumerable iniquities. They are nothing of the kind. I have never yet met a black-hearted man. Some seem indifferent to the welfare of the people in the general mass, and solely bent on improving the conditions of themselves and those dependent on them, but get even a man of this stamp off by himself and it will be found that he, too, has had his dreams—and would perhaps have made a good Socialist had he not prospered as an individualist.

THE trouble with the man who gets filled to the eyes with a big idea for re-making the world, whether it be Socialism, Single Tax or something else, too often is that he cannot contain himself. The idea is too strong for him and gallops off with him. A man will start reading Henry George's books and in two years will become a Single Taxer, well grounded in the principles. But, once he is fully possessed of it, he will start out to make converts in half an hour to a theory that he was two years in absorbing. The light that filtered into his own understanding by slow processes, he wants to shoot into other men's minds with the suddenness of a searchlight. He would like to stop the sun as Joshua did, until he could explain things. He would like to throw his neighbor down, and sit on his chest until he would admit conversion. The man who is so impatient makes few if any converts. He fails to understand that the great majority of men are not bad, cruel, on the side of oppression, but that they are dull, busy, worried, and find it easier to take the world as they find it than join in a crusade to re-make it.

Everybody knows that civilization needs mending—has never been right since it began. But some of us take issue with those who say that the world grows worse and the inequalities of life greater. Perhaps in all history there was never a people numbering six and a half million who enjoyed as much of comfort and equality as do the present population of the Dominion of Canada. We have rich people and we have poor—but our rich are not possessed of the special privileges, nor are our poor acquainted with

the dire poverty, that marked life in any other country or age. We have equality before the law—complete in so far as it can be made complete by statute. Even though it may not work out perfectly—even though favoritism may be shown, or influence used, or even though corruption may creep in, yet we approximate the right, and can get always nearer it. We can get nearer it by maintaining our faith in human nature. We can get nowhere by preaching universal distrust and arousing class hatred where classes there are none—for in this country the rich of to-day were poor yesterday and may again be so tomorrow, for here we have swift changes, rapid growth, and life is a good deal of a scramble. If anywhere in the world Luck plays a part in men's destinies it is in a country like ours. A stone mason became Premier of Canada and his is one of our most honored names. Nearly all our wealthiest men went barefoot to save the price of boots when they were boys. Does anybody suppose that men of this class entertain feelings of animosity toward the masses? They belong to that body themselves. To them it seems but yesterday that they were "looking for work." They may not, owing to their own experience, regard ex-

when he has a week-end to spare. There are many men in Toronto, and other large centres of population in Canada, who rarely if ever see the free, open, smiling country, much less the "unfenced wilderness." And this lends force to the appeals that are being made by a number of the daily newspapers for more breathing spaces in our cities. To a man who knows what the real country is like in summer, there is something pitiful in the sight of thousands of people, young and old, rushing for the street cars and ferry boats any Saturday afternoon or Sunday during the hot weather in an attempt to get into the open air, spending a few hours in crowded parks, and returning, tired and dusty, to the city.

In Toronto there is need for more park grounds and more resting places both in and out of the parks. In many cities on this continent extensive parks systems have of late years been completed, and it is to be hoped that the scheme that has been proposed for beautifying Toronto in this respect will not be allowed to drop. Every year the growth of the city not only increases the urgency of carrying out some such scheme, but it renders

when the Reformers' campaign cry was: "Has the National Policy made you Rich?" And almost invariably such a young man on such an occasion left the assembly hall accusing himself of stupidity because he had not understood or been thrilled by the leader's great oration. Many an old partisan listened to Mr. Blake's speeches, or read and re-read them, believing implicitly that what the great man said was entirely true, find and unanswerable—yet not knowing just what his noble utterance meant. For years the Reformers earnestly endeavored to follow Mr. Blake's leadership. They felt him to be great and good, and they wished to know and understand him. They hung his portrait in their homes, and tried to hang pictures of him in their minds that would inspire them to win victory for their party. But they failed and failing, cast the blame upon themselves. Mr. Blake was such a big figure that the mass of his followers could not or would not see that, although he had the qualities of a statesman, he was not of a temperament to become a popular, election-winning political leader.

How many men, great and small, miss what the world calls success because there hangs about them always the veil of detachment, slight-textured, perhaps, but impene-trable! We see them everywhere—possessed apparently of every quality that makes for success except the gift of temperament or trick of attitude that would make their work fully effective, round out their lives, and bring them the reward which should be theirs. Many fine men, earnest, capable, strong of brain, big of heart—many publicists, preachers and writers—miss the goal toward which they strive because to those whom they would influence they seem to stand aloof, upon their own ground, never upon the ground of common humanity. Edward Blake did not speak the language of the people, and it was impossible that he could become the popular idol of his party. But he has done fine and immeasurably useful work. He will be remembered as one of the great figures of the Reform party—one of the group of men who gave that party its finest traditions. These traditions may seem to be disregarded by the Liberal party of to-day, but the Liberal party of to-morrow will remember them—they will always stand as an inspirational and steady influence. Perhaps, after all, Edward Blake, misunderstood as he was, and ineffectual as his political career may seem, has done greater work for his party and his country than he would have done had he won power for his followers and the Premiership of the Dominion for himself.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, the secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, has been acquitted of the charge of compassing the death of Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho. The other accused men, Moyer, the president of the organization, and Pettibone, another of its officers, will now be put upon trial. In the Haywood case, the Boise City jury disregarded entirely the testimony of Orchard, and their verdict was to the effect that they found the prisoner, "by his own acts and declarations," not guilty of the Steunenberg murder.

The law of Idaho is evidently incapable of bringing to justice the man or men, whoever they may be, who engineered this crime, just as it was incapable of preventing the terrible and open warfare that has been waged in that state between the men who controlled the mines and the working miners. Steunenberg was murdered. Harry Orchard says he murdered him for money. No one seems to doubt his statement. He further says that Haywood and the other members of the "inner circle" of the Federation of Miners were the men who hired him to commit the crime. The jury refuses to convict Haywood on Orchard's evidence, and no doubt Moyer and Pettibone will also be acquitted. Who, then, is to suffer the penalty? The confessed murderer alone? Or to one? It will be an odd thing if Orchard's dramatic confession and remarkable testimony should be considered utterly incredible and worthless for any other purpose than to send his own carcass to the gallows.

POLITICS in Canada is not exactly a gentlemanly game. Political warfare in this country is not marked by any of the pretty ceremonies and graceful rules of decorum which, for example, characterize a wrestling match in Japan. Of course in the heat of an election campaign hard blows are bound to be dealt, and a certain amount of bitter invective is certain to be exchanged. But in times of political peace neither party can advantage itself by indulging in indiscriminate, ill-considered personal attacks on members of the opposing ranks. At all events it is certain that there are occasions when the Prime Minister of a province or the Prime Minister of Canada ought to be looked upon as a representative of the people, and not as the leader of a party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier went to England to represent the Dominion at the Imperial Conference. On his return he was, naturally enough, given great receptions in the cities through which he passed on his way to Ottawa. Immense crowds turned out to cheer the Premier, the greeting he received in Montreal being notably enthusiastic, probably because Montreal is the biggest city in which he stopped en route. All along the line of his return journey he was made to feel glad that he was home again, and Liberals and Conservatives flocked together everywhere to make a mob and shout a cordial welcome to him. What else could have happened? Where is there a Canadian with any blood in his body who wouldn't go out in the street, if he chanced to be near by, and throw up his hat or raise a cheer for Sir Wilfrid on such an occasion? Yet a few Conservative newspapers—only a very few, it is true—seem to think that any citizen who indulged in such antics would have been much better employed at home rocking the baby or nursing angry thoughts of the manifold sins and wickednesses of the Dominion Government.

A western daily paper is very much annoyed because the Toronto World, on the occasion of the Premier's home-coming, referred to him as "the biggest Canadian the people of Great Britain have ever seen, a man who towers head and shoulders above his colleagues in all that makes for statesmanship, and who as a Canadian is looming large in the eyes of the world." The western paper



## IN ALGONQUIN PARK

"Funny how one never thinks of these things at home, but—there *must* be some short way of washing supper dishes."

isting conditions as being so undesirable as some others consider them to be, but they see the world as we all see it, and they see it from pretty much the same angle. There are many wrongs to be righted, but those our grandfathers suffered under have been nearly all removed. New conditions bring new evils, and others will grow up like next year's weeds. By no sudden rush can all things be made right, and the best course seems to be to preserve faith in mankind, in the future of the race, in the destiny of the country, and keep right on striving as our fathers did. They accomplished a great deal.

A WRITER in a London journal says that Canada is the only country in the world in which one can enjoy all the advantages of European civilization without ever finding himself, wherever he may be domiciled, beyond easy reach of the unfenced wilderness. This is not quite the case. As distance is measured in this country, one may not have to travel far, even from Toronto to reach quiet, pleasant places, where there is no sign of any work being done. But we are a busy people, and few of us—few city dwellers at all events—have time to journey with any frequency far enough from our daily duties to really touch the hand of kindly, gracious Mother Nature. The mechanic cannot do so on his Saturday afternoon half holiday, without tiring himself out; nor can the office man, for the same reason,

the plan more difficult and costly of accomplishment. Free access to open spaces and fresh air is something which we should plan to give to every citizen. The lack of pure air is, as largely as the lack of nourishing food, the cause of much of the human misery and degeneracy in the great cities of the old world. Our own cities are growing large. Now is the time to look after this and other kindred problems.

EDWARD BLAKE is coming home, his work as a public man ended. It is fifteen years since he left Canada to enter the British Parliament as an Irish representative. His career is one to ponder over. Mr. Blake always appeared to be a man big enough—too big almost—for any position in Canadian public life in which he ever found himself. A towering figure intellectually, exercising fully his remarkable powers and capabilities, he loomed large in the ranks of his party. As a jurist he stood almost without a peer. As a political leader his word was authoritative, his counsel wise, his heart generous, his name synonymous of honor. Yet his party tried to rally under his leadership and failed.

Many a young man, reared in the belief that the Reform party—it was the Reform party then—stood for all that was brave and honest and sensible in the life of the country, went, expectant and enthusiastic, to hear for the first time a speech by Edward Blake in the days



evidently thinks it nothing short of treason for a Conservative journal to speak so frankly and truthfully of the attainments of Sir Wilfrid, in view of the fact that a general election may possibly take place in the autumn. In this "eulogy" of the Prime Minister it sees indications that a dark plot is being hatched by Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., proprietor of The World, to disrupt the Opposition by leaving it and joining forces with the Government. It is further suggested by the western paper in question that if the article in praise of the Premier is not "the result of overtures that have been made by the Government," it may constitute a threat that Maclean intends to employ the knife—I think that is the phrase used—on his political associates unless he receives more consideration than he has for some time past from the Opposition leaders.

Now Billy Maclean may have his faults, as most of us have, and his newspaper, The World, may not please everybody, but both the man and his paper—his organ if you so choose to call it—have a way of saying unexpected things that are well worth hearing, and they are generally expressed in language that everybody can understand. Both are regarded just now with considerable uneasiness by the leader of the Opposition in the House, but if neither of them says or does anything worse than to pay a graceful tribute to the Prime Minister of Canada, at a time when such a tribute seems in order, the party of which Mr. Maclean is such a turbulent member can rest easy.

THOSE in charge of the procession which will take place in Toronto on Labor Day night, without much trouble, establish a common sense precedent that would be of immense value in obviating future trouble over the parade question in this city. No one wants to do away with parades but it is altogether unreasonable for any body of men, large or small, to suppose that they have a right to take possession of the streets and tie up the town for several hours. It is easily possible to conduct a successful procession without blocking the principal business streets, paralyzing the car service, and generally demoralizing the city's traffic. The Labor Day parade should prove this to be true by practical demonstration. As the day is a public holiday it may not be thought necessary to take the precaution of choosing a route which will prevent unnecessary blockading of downtown thoroughfares. But although business will be largely suspended, there will be a very large number of people moving to and from the boats and trains on Labor Day, and much inconvenience will result if the street car service is interfered with. But, what is much more important, a principle is at stake. Recent occurrences have proved that the parade question must be settled at once and satisfactorily in this city. And it will be most easily and quickly settled by all processionists immediately recognizing and acceding to public opinion in the matter. It would be fitting for the Labor Day paraders to lead the way in this respect.

#### Hints to the Morality Department.

TORONTO, July 27, 1907.

Editor Saturday Night: Is it not time the Morality Department at the City Hall turned their attention to more important questions than the taking of a photograph on Sunday and endeavored to check abuses which have a greater tendency for evil? I read in an evening paper to-day: "Oscar V. Babcock, the recklessly daring performer who so nearly lost his life at Scarborough Beach Park, has been prevailed upon by the management to remain at the park for another week in order that all patrons may have an opportunity to witness for themselves an act so incredibly dangerous." This almost discounts bull fighting. For the small sum of ten cents every man, woman, or child has a chance of witnessing a tragedy in real life without any danger to themselves, and yet they say children are not educated in Toronto. In what they call the "dark ages" when the curfew was rung at sunset, there was a chance for them. Now what do we see: children out all hours of the night, cigarette smoking and chewing tobacco; the galleries of the lower class of theatres crowded with boys under sixteen; promiscuous intercourse of the sexes after dark, disrespect of parents, and a hundred other abuses which would never have been tolerated by the past generation, although they did not have a morality department to cleanse and purify the moral atmosphere. Surely this is a case of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," and it is time a broader view of life was taken by the powers that be. No person can be made religious by Act of Parliament, but much may be done by working along the lines of decency and morality and carrying out such laws as tend to promote the spirit of Christianity apart from persecution. Yours,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

IT is the part of unwisdom and poor citizenship to scare capital away from the country. Canada wants capital. In this connection The Monetary Times says in its concise way: "Extremists of any variety will scare it. Capital and labor will not always be bitterly grappling. Differences should be balanced by a little thinking. The solution of capital and labor problems may be found to be far easier than frequent strenuous controversies would indicate." "Extremes are undesirable. To direct capital to Canada is necessary that employer and employee be reasonable beings. A man will invest money in the country in which he knows real men—whether they be masters or not—handle its affairs." Sir Edgar Speyer, speaking in London of the disturbances in the investment markets, said: "While the main causes of this depression are what may be called natural causes, I cannot but agree with the view of that eminent financial authority, Lord Rothschild, that the talk of what is loosely termed socialism is in reality a had a frightening result in many quarters." It is imperative that an impression of capital being threatened, or not sufficiently protected, should be dispelled. These views contain a moral for two parties. Capital is wanted for development. Development benefits.

WHEN General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, was in Toronto some time ago he told his hearers in Massey Hall that the message that would carry the news of his death around the world would also give the name of his successor. He continues to make a feature of this announcement in all his addresses. It is learned that General Booth has left minute directions for the future administration of the Army in a sealed envelope with his solicitors. No one else knows who his successor will be, but it is believed that it will be Bramwell Booth, with Commander Howard and Commander Booth-Tucker as alternates, in case of Bramwell Booth's death, and that the Army will continue under the guidance of one man, and not of a committee, or a board of directors.



THE HOUSE OF PEACE.

Peace—"Always glad to lend my house for a good cause. Still, they might perhaps have asked me to join them. But evidently it's my room they want, and not my company."—Punch.

#### The Question of Street Parades.

BUFFALO TRUTH says: "The Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT, one of the most valued papers which come to our exchange table, devotes part of its front page to an article in opposition to street parades in the Canadian city, taking as its text the fact that 'on July 12, 1907, the Orange Order met the oppressor on the streets of Toronto and vanquished him. They stopped the cars. The Orange procession broke down the street car service for an hour or so and disorganized it for a day. Such is the victory that the historian must record.'"

Truth quotes the "Front Page" article in question at some length, and adds this approving comment:

"These are brave words well spoken, and the question of street parades in all American cities also must come sooner or later to receive their proper amount of attention. In Buffalo notably, the street parade, particularly of the circus order, is an abomination, for it must be remembered that such and all other parades cause endless inconvenience to men who are compelled to transact business and must have proper passage from one side of the city to another, upon public vehicles, or afoot."

Street parades are matters that belong to smaller cities or villages. They should not be permitted in growing municipalities.

Our neighbor across the border shows a good deal of horse sense in what it has published. The sooner street parades are relegated to the rear ranks as a relic of the dark ages the better for all cities which are conducted for the purpose of doing business. The streets belong to all the people at all times not to a limited number of them at any one time."

#### John Bull's Own Peculiar Way.

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN.

A THOROUGHLY British bit of political procedure is the pardoning of Col. Lynch, who after leading the Irish brigade against England in the Boer war was elected to Parliament from an Irish constituency, was tried for high treason, sentenced to death, had his sentence commuted to a term of imprisonment, and was released under conditions after a few months of captivity. That is why Britain may resort to the mailed fist when she deems it necessary, as in Zululand, to a minor degree in India at the present time, without incurring the charge of odious tyranny, from which Germany, for instance, continues to suffer. Great Britain does not nag does not set up foolish little hedges about royalty and government, and whip bad little boys for pitching stones over them; and when the case warrants it, will indulge in a striking act of magnanimity, as in the Lynch affair. It may be only an appeal to the groundlings, but it is effective in maintaining an historical reputation for unexampled broad views in politics. Col. Lynch will probably enter Parliament now, which is as if Samuel Mahero, late of German Southwest Africa, were to be elected to the Reichstag. Taine used to wonder if France would ever show the traveler a scene such as he had witnessed in England—an anarchist orator denouncing Queen Victoria in the foulest terms, and two policemen by his side to protect him against the fury of the mob.

#### The Situation in Corea.

FROM THE BELLMAN.

THE recent developments in Corea practically mark the extinction of the independence of that country, a consummation that has been anticipated and acquiesced in by all the great powers for several years.

The preponderance of Japan in Korean affairs dates from the preliminaries preceding the war with Russia. At that time Japan concluded a treaty with Korea in which the Koreans agreed to accept a practical protectorate by Japan in return for a guarantee of independence, and territorial integrity. The treaty of Portsmouth also recognized Japan's predominant influence in the Hermit Kingdom as one of the fruits of her victory over Russia.

The Emperor Yi Huiung had been on the throne since January, 1894, but had remained there by tolerance rather than as a result of his ability. The dispatch of a deputation to The Hague Conference—an act he is believed to be responsible for, though he has denied it—marked the climax of a series of acts disapproved of by the more influential Koreans and the premier, Yi Wang Hong, backed by the members of the cabinet, called upon him to abdicate. This the emperor refused to do at first, but when the demand of the cabinet was backed by the Council of Elder Statesmen, he gave in. How far the influence of Japan was potent in this, does not appear; Marquis Ito denies that he had anything to do with the action of the cabinet and council.

On the abdication of the emperor there were four aspirants for the throne: the crown prince who was regarded as an incompetent; Prince Pak Yun Ho supposed to be supported by Marquis Ito; Prince Yi Cheung Yong, also pro-Japanese, and Prince Ewa, a protege of Japan.

Nevertheless the crown prince has succeeded to the throne under the laws of succession.

The people have not acquiesced in the change of government and there has been some rioting. It is said, however, that it is fear of Japan rather than devotion to the ex-emperor that inspired the unrest.

Japan's demands on the new emperor probably will include the revision of the Japanese-Corean treaty of new Korean constitution. In either case the power of the Japanese resident-general would be so extended that he can intervene in Corea's internal administration, including the judiciary.

The demand also will be made that the court be distinguished from the administration.

#### Some New Stories of Whistler.

THERE are many interesting stories of that genius, the eccentric and caustic James McNeill Whistler, whose modesty was not his strongest point, says a writer in The Sunday Magazine. The best known, of course, is his reply to the bit of chaff uttered by a friend who had stated that the world's greatest artists were Velasquez and Whistler. "Why drag in Velasquez?" drawled Whistler.

In his youth Whistler was an employee of the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, and in the files of that survey are some interesting souvenirs of Whistler's service to the government. On a certain chart of the Delaware river that Whistler was entrusted with may be seen some very neat drawings representing a flight of gulls. These extend completely round the borders of the chart, and are seen artistically diminishing in the distance. Whistler was a most refractory and insubordinate employee, and, of course, did not long remain in the service of Uncle Sam. It was difficult to induce him to come to work before 11 a.m., and he persistently refused to take his work seriously. A favorite diversion of his was to sketch in charcoal on the walls of the office rooms the features of his fellow employees.

A group of American and English artists were discussing the manifold perfections of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, when one said: "Exquisite musician!—played the violin like a professional."

"And one of the best-dressed men in London, too!" added another.

"Danced divinely!" continued a third member of the group.

"Ever read his essays?" asked someone else. Best of the kind ever written!"

All this while Whistler had remained silent. Then, leaning over and tapping the last speaker on the shoulder, he said, "Painted, too; didn't he?"

It is related that one day Whistler was visiting the studio of an English artist in Paris—a young chap who did pretty little things of a popular sort. Whistler sat watching the artist as he daintily instilled a sweet expression into the mouth of a nice little peasant girl of a perfectly impossible beauty.

"Pleasant art, ours; eh, Jimmy?" queried the artist.

"Very," was Whistler's dry reply. "And what are you doing now?"

"Oh, a replica of a little thing someone liked; because, you know, I can always sell two or three of the same subject, if it's a taking one."

"You are a genius, Frank," said Whistler, with an affection of great enthusiasm, "while I, deuce take it, am like a simple-minded hen, who, when asked to do so, protested that she could not lay the same egg twice!"

Whistler and Dante Gabriel Rossetti were great friends, and the latter always consulted Whistler on any work of art he had in hand.

To Rossetti's query as to how Whistler liked a certain sketch shown him, the latter replied: "It has good points. Go on with it."

A few weeks later, remembering that he had heard nothing about the picture, Whistler asked how it was coming along.

"Famously," said Rossetti. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it!"

It was some weeks later that Whistler saw the canvas framed, but still untouched by paint.

"You've done nothing to it yet?" asked he.

"No," said Rossetti; "but I've written a sonnet on the same subject, if you care to hear it."

The recitation was given, and Whistler, after listening most attentively, said:

"Rossetti, take out the canvas, and put the sonnet in the frame."

VERY greatly to be regretted was the drowning of the nine young men from Toronto Junction, who lost their lives while returning from the Island in a gasoline launch early last Friday morning. The boat was a homemade affair, propelled by a defective engine, and a storm coming up, the unfortunate lads were easily overwhelmed and lost in the darkness, only one of the party escaping death. This is by far the worst of the many drowning accidents in Ontario reported since the boating season opened. Such a tragedy, one would think, would have the effect for many a day to come of warning every man, woman, or child who enters a small boat on Toronto waters at all events, to be careful.

It has been proposed that a party of engineering and science students from the various British universities, should visit Canada during the summer of 1908.



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## FLORAL ART

Whether your requirements are elaborate or modest nothing is too great or too small in the arrangement of cut flowers, to receive most careful attention by

**Dunlop's**

96 YONGE STREET

Flowers expressed to any point in perfect condition.

Night and Sunday Phones, Park 792



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Reports on Securities  
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Bonds and Stock bought  
and sold on Commission.

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7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

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CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY

## Royal Insurance Company

(LIMITED)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

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CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
share in the  
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Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
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Railway and Railroad Bonds  
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gladly furnished on request.

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8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

THE IDEAL LIFE  
COMPANY

Furnishes absolutely perfect protection  
to its policyholders at the lowest  
possible cost.



Measures fully up to this high standard.  
Insurance in force.....\$47,000,000  
Assets, over.....10,000,000  
Surplus, over.....1,200,000

With a much large volume of  
business to take care of the com-  
pany's expenses of management  
for 1906 were \$10,224.36 less  
than for 1905.

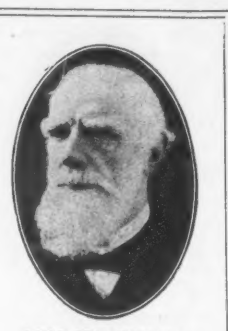
Economy with efficiency  
is its motto.

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



LORD STRATHCONA  
For many years Governor of the  
Hudson Bay Company.

MONTREAL, AUG. 1, 1907.  
A CORPORATION in which many  
Canadians are personally interested,  
and which from first to last has left an  
indelible mark upon this land, had a  
birthday recently. The corporation in  
question is the Hudson Bay Company,  
and it was two hundred and thirty-seven  
years old. I know of nothing in the  
financial or commercial world that can  
compare in the point of years or interest  
with this venerable old giant. Even the  
greatest and oldest of all British financial  
institutions, the Bank of England, is a  
child in comparison, for it is but two hundred and thirteen  
years old. Imagine a commercial corporation with a char-  
ter signed by Charles II., and which to-day is not only  
thriving, but capable of earning bigger dividends than  
ever before in its history.

As far back as obtainable records go, there is no in-  
stance where the stock has brought its stockholders less  
than a ten per cent. dividend per annum, and more often  
than not the yearly disbursement of profits was many times  
this amount. For instance, in 1847 the dividend was ten  
per cent. In 1850 it was 20 per cent., and in 1852 the dis-  
tribution amounted to 15 per cent., and so on through the  
century.

Sole monarchs of a land so huge that the mere figures  
fail to appeal to one, this Hudson Bay Company has for  
over two and one-third centuries wended its way quietly  
through history. The Ojibway and the Cree hunt for the  
company in the winter, and paddle the company's canoes  
and portage the company's packs in the summer. Their  
fathers did this before them, and their fathers before  
them, and so on down through the years. The post was  
the one place in the world where the Indian could trade  
his skins, and the factor was the one man in the world  
who would give the red man credit. The post sold no fire  
water to the Indian, and when the hunting was bad the  
post could be depended upon to tide the Indian over with  
supplies sufficient to keep him going, being sure that the  
following season the red man would reappear from the long  
trail, and make good the loan, at least in part. Probably no  
corporation in the history of the world ever gave so much  
credit with no tangible security, and lost so little by it.

When Charles II., for the yearly consideration of two  
elks and two black beavers, granted to Prince  
Rupert, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of  
Craven and the rest, that vast tract which  
was bounded on the north by the Polar sea,  
on the east by Labrador, and on the west by no one knew  
what—for it was then unknown and undetermined—he  
little dreamed that villages and towns and cities would  
spring up on these acres. In his wildest flight of imagina-  
tion Charles could probably not have conceived the possi-  
bility of the Hudson Bay Company reaping its millions  
out of land sales. To-day, however, the company is mak-  
ing far larger profits from the sale of lands than from its  
trading. In the natural order of things these land sales  
will increase from year to year for a long time to come,  
and one of these fine days, in the natural order of things,  
the old Hudson Bay Company will find itself the greatest  
real estate corporation in the world. That this point will  
be arrived at can well be realized by a glance at the com-  
pany's transactions for the past few years. In 1900-1 the  
profits from the company's land sales amounted to \$140,-  
000. Each annual statement since has shown an increase,  
until now the land profits for the year 1906-7 were no less  
than \$1,290,000. What they will be ten years hence it  
would take a wise man to forecast.

There is one thing which can be depended upon, how-  
ever, the management of "The Company," as it is called  
by all those who know it best, will be conservative. There  
will be no jim crack boom talk, such as one is accustomed  
to hear from the big United States corporations. There  
will be no consolidations and reorganizations, or big stock  
issues. Nothing of this sort ever occurs in the Hudson  
Bay Company. In the hands of United States financiers  
The Company would have a capitalization half as big as  
that of the Steel Trust, and a half dozen men would make  
a hundred millions out of it. But the old Hudson Bay  
Company manages to get along on a paid-up capital of a  
million sterling.

Another characteristic of the Hudson Bay Company  
is the faithfulness of its employees. It is not down in the  
records that any old Hudson Bay man ever left the ser-  
vice for another job. When they leave it at all, they leave  
it to die or to retire. Out on the Polar sea, at the far end  
of the long trail, in the silent places, are factors who were  
born at the posts they now occupy, and Edmonton is as  
far into civilization as they have ever trod. Silent, strong-  
willed, wise in the ways of the half wild men that sur-  
round him, wiser yet in the management of The Com-  
pany's business, the factor is a veritable monarch of all  
he surveys. He is the court of last appeal, the privy  
council for Indian and white man alike. He carries out  
the orders of the chief factor to the smallest trifle. He  
knows no law; he recognizes no authority save only the  
Hudson Bay Company.

And what does he receive in return? Every protection  
that great and strong men may give. He grows old and  
is looked after. His sons and daughters follow along with  
the years, and they are looked after. One falls by the  
wayside, and the strong, quiet arm of "The Company"  
reaches out and protects her or him as the case may be.  
A murder is committed. A woman is indirectly connected  
with the crime. She has no funds and apparently not a  
friend in the world. But hold! All at once one of the  
best criminal firms in the province of Quebec appears for  
the woman. They fight the case with all their legal knowl-  
edge. She is given every opportunity in the world to  
clear herself. And why? Her father, now many years  
dead and gone, was an old Hudson Bay man.

MONEY is stringent, with no immediate prospect of its  
becoming easier. Those who usually have money to  
lend have been besieged with inquiries, and many de-  
serving borrowers turned down. The money markets in  
Canada were never known to be so tight in the midst of  
general trade prosperity as to-day. Explanations of such  
conditions are being asked daily. It is generally agreed  
that the gold reserves of banks have not increased in the

same proportion as the trade of the coun-  
try. The increase in loans is altogether  
out of proportion to the increase in cash  
assets. This condition is not confined to  
Canada, but it is world wide. Never be-  
fore were liabilities so great, and perhaps  
never before were cash reserves the  
world over lower in proportion to li-  
abilities. The forced liquidation in stocks  
and bonds has not been sufficient to im-  
prove the credit situation. Although  
new capital is being created faster than  
ever before, the supply is not equal to  
the demand, and the business of the

world must slacken for a while. The scarcity of capital is  
attested by the high rates for money. That cash reserves  
are low, as compared with banking liabilities, is beyond  
question. Last week we gave the figures for Canada. The  
surplus reserves of New York banks have increased \$8,-  
500,000 since the first of July, but they are \$10,000,000 less  
than a year ago, \$6,000,000 less than two years ago, and  
\$45,000,000 less than three years ago. The loans of New  
York banks exceed deposits by \$27,390,000, while a year  
ago the loans were \$1,701,800 less than deposits. When  
it is considered that a considerable proportion of the  
business world habitually has deposits far in excess of its  
loans, and that the deposits of much of the world are  
the business world are more nominal than real, and are  
concocted from various kinds of notes and collateral for  
the purpose of securing "accommodation," it is apparent  
that this worse part, which probably constitutes a major-  
ity of the business world, is, as regards its cash assets and  
quick debts, very far from solvent.

The Bank of England steadily increased its reserves the  
past month, and its position is about on a  
par with last year and the year before. The  
proportion of the bank's reserves to liabili-  
ties is 47.16 per cent. as against 48.12  
per cent. a year ago, and 48.67 per cent. two years ago. There  
must, however, be a weak point in its present condition  
as evidenced from the fact that the discount rate is still  
maintained at 4 per cent., whereas a year ago it was 3½,  
and two years ago 2½ per cent. The positions of the Im-  
perial Bank of Germany and of the Bank of France are  
less favorable. In both instances, liabilities have greatly  
increased the past year, while cash holdings show big  
decreases. In view of the tremendous shrinkage in gov-  
ernment and corporation securities during the past few  
years, and the losses thus occasioned to the holders of  
these securities, it is not easy to see, says Moody's Maga-  
zine, how financial and banking conditions could be other-  
wise than bad in most countries. The losses from wars  
have fallen most heavily upon Russia, England and  
France. Because of these losses and of those from earth-  
quakes and fires, it is imperative that the whole business  
world "curtail" for awhile, if conditions are to be righted  
without serious financial results. Banking statistics do  
not indicate that the business world is retrenching. In  
this fact lies the danger of the situation. Possibly the  
brakes will yet be applied in time to prevent serious  
trouble and to enable us to pass through the coming finan-  
cial ordeal with as slight a reaction in business as occurred  
in 1903-4.

The rates for money on securities in this city are quoted  
at 6½ to 7 per cent., but no one can obtain  
funds to the amount say, of \$50,000 to \$100,-  
000 at these rates. In fact, it has been stated  
that from 10 to 12 per cent. is being paid for  
recent loans on good collateral. Bankers have practically  
little money to lend. They doubtless have in view the  
demands to be made upon them for crop moving purposes,  
but the harvest will be several weeks later than usual this  
year. While more capital is needed, the subscriptions to  
new stock already allotted are being but slowly met. The  
new banks particularly find it a tedious job to sell author-  
ized stock. It is hard to see how a recession in trade can  
be avoided. A great deal of capital has been locked up  
in land speculation in the western provinces. Instead of  
meeting the paper due wholesalers, a large proportion of  
retail dealers in the West put the proceeds from the sales  
of merchandise into lands. Consequently the renewals  
now asked for are unusually heavy. Our banks have a  
large amount of money in New York, and this week about  
a million dollars in gold have been withdrawn from there.

In some lines of manufacture, the indications are that  
business is slowing down. The profits on  
goods are likely to diminish owing to the  
enhanced value of raw material and the high  
cost of labor. One bad feature at the pre-  
sent time is the general extravagance of the people, a  
natural adjunct, it may be, to the general prosperity pre-  
vailing in Canada the past few years. The curtailment  
of expenses on every hand is necessary to save the situa-  
tion. Heavy losses have been sustained in wild-cat min-  
ing companies and the enormous capitalization of many  
others. The heavy declines in high-class bonds have  
made investors wary, and Canadian municipal debentures  
marketed this year amount to less than \$10,000,000.

Nothing has happened this week to break the monotony  
of midsummer trading on 'Change. Con-  
ditions were unchanged, and even if there  
were inducements to buy stocks, the general  
lack of money prevented. Stagnation ruled in most issues,  
while in some cases prices declined. The August divi-  
dend disbursements this week were relatively small, prob-  
ably not over a couple of millions. The re-investment of  
a large proportion of this will doubtless help sustain some  
issues. Railway earnings are favorable in nearly all in-  
stances, but they seem to have no influence on market  
prices.

The decline in British consols this week to the lowest  
price in sixty years (82½) attracted some  
attention. Shortly before the Boer war they  
sold at 114 to 115. The chief reasons for  
the late decline are no doubt the enormous flotations in  
London of first-class investments, and the relatively high  
rates for money. British securities offered to the extent  
of \$380,000,000 in London this year to date, as against

BANK OF  
HAMILTON

## Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend  
of 2 1-2 per cent. on the Capital Stock of  
the Bank, for the quarter ending 31st  
August, being at the rate of 10 per cent.  
per annum, has this day been declared,  
and that the same will be payable at the  
Bank and its Branches on and after  
Tuesday, 3rd September next.  
The Transfer Books will be closed from  
24th to 31st August, both inclusive.  
By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 22nd July, 1907.

AN INVESTMENT IN  
PORTO RICO BONDS  
IS SAFE.

The Railways Co. is earning considerably more than  
bond interest, and completion in a few months of con-  
struction work will bring in large additional earnings and  
greater economy of operation.

The franchises for electric railway, electric light and  
water power business are liberal and long dated and there  
is no opposition.

The density of population in Porto Rico is nine times  
greater than in old Ontario.

Porto Rico is owned by the United States, which in-  
sures political stability and gives free entry into the United  
States for Porto Rico exports—conditions which make the  
island very prosperous.

An investment in 5 per cent. 30-year gold bonds of the  
Porto Rico Railways Co., Limited, at 92½ is not only safe,  
but is also desirable, because each \$925 buys \$1,000 of in-  
terest-earning bonds and \$500 of bonus stock, and it is  
only a matter of months before the stock should receive  
dividends.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED,

TORONTO, 7 and 9 KING ST. E.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

THE CROWN BANK  
OF CANADA

BANKING HOURS  
34 King St. West—10 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
Saturdays—10 a.m. to 12 noon.  
S. W. Spadina and College  
Agnès Street—in the Ghetto  
10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays—10 a.m.  
to 12 noon and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

"Money is the most important thing in the world.  
It represents health, strength, honor, generosity,  
and beauty as conspicuously and undeniably as the  
want of it represents illness, weakness, disgrace,  
meanness and ugliness. Not the least of its virtues is  
that it destroys base people as certainly as it fortifies  
and dignifies noble people."—From George Bernard  
Shaw's new "Book of Plays."

The Rest Room at 34 King Street West is the rendezvous for  
women who bank at The Crown Bank—and their friends. Vis-  
itors to Toronto are also invited to make use of this room.

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

When Sending  
Money by Mail use

EXPRESS  
MONEY ORDERS

They are absolutely safe, because payment is guaranteed, and if  
lost, stolen, or delayed in transit, the Express Company will  
promptly refund the money or issue a new order free of charge.

The Dominion Express Company also issues FOREIGN  
CHEQUES at current rates, payable in all the commercial  
countries of the world in the money of the country on which  
drawn.

## TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

for Tourists and  
Travelers. The most  
convenient way to carry  
funds when traveling anywhere  
in the world.

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

## The Metropolitan Bank

Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,183,713.23  
Every Department of Banking Con-  
ducted with the Utmost Care. Accounts of Individuals, Firms and  
Corporations Solicited.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
\$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded  
four times a year.  
No Delay in Withdrawal. Satisfaction and Security Guaranteed.

\$364,500,000 for the same period  
in 1906, \$443,000,000 in 1905,  
only \$276,000,000 in 1904, and  
\$361,400,000 in 1903. In other words,  
issues this year have been much the  
largest, with one exception, of any  
year since 1902.

## TO ARCHITECTS

Perspectives executed in Pen and Ink,  
Color or Monochrome.

WALTER E. WELCH - Perspective Artist  
THE ARCHITECTURAL STUDIO,  
National Life Building - Room 6.



# IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Paid-Up \$4,800,000.00  
 Rest - \$4,800,000.00

Branches in Toronto:

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET  
 AND LEADER LANE  
 YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS  
 YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS  
 KING AND YORK STREETS  
 WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS  
 KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

## SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits.

## AGENTS WANTED

### Guardian Assurance Co. LIMITED

Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
 Apply Manager, Montreal



### THE "C.M.C." SUPPORTER IS BEST FOR CHILDREN

No safety pins or sharp edges to scratch the fingers, or cut the hose and waist.

AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES.  
 50 cents per pair.

**C. H. Westwood & Co. Limited**  
 Manufacturers, Toronto

### The Only Hygienic Lamp Made



The Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp, apart from its wonderful illuminating powers, is the only hygienic lamp made. The ordinary lights, such as coal-gas and kerosene, use up about four or five times as much oxygen as the Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp, when lighted, in the same length of time.

Oxygen is absolutely necessary to our very existence. Haven't you noticed, after sitting in a room for an hour or two, where coal-gas or kerosene lights are used, how close and stuffy the air becomes? This is because the air has become rarefied and the oxygen has been consumed.

But these unpleasant sensations are never experienced when using the Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp. It's the only lamp made that cannot explode.

Makes an ideal light for country homes. For full descriptions, cost of light per hour, etc., write for booklet.

**Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp Co.,**  
 86 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

### Try our Chocolate Dipped Triscuit Biscuit

Made in Canada.

25c. per box

**Kuyler's**

130-132 YONGE ST.

### Culverhouse Optical Co. LTD.

Glasses are a positive help and a permanent pleasure if properly fitted.

We do it

**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
 M. 4556 6 Richmond St. East

## Social and Personal

**S**T. JOHN'S church, Norway, was the scene of a wedding at half-past two o'clock on Thursday, July 23, when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Mattie May Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wright, to Mr. E. de Lovelace Buchanan, son of Mr. J. Edgar Buchanan, of St. Lambert, Que. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed, assisted by Rev. Mr. Gay, and the wedding march was played by the organist, Mr. Merriman. The chancel of the church was decorated with marguerites, carnations, palms and lilies. The bride, given away by her father, was attired in cream voile over taffeta, with bolero of Irish guipure lace, cream mohair hat with plumes, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, tied with tulle. Her sister, Miss Flossie Wright, was bridesmaid, wearing pale blue silk, blue hat with plumes, and carrying pink carnations. Mr. Arthur Wilson, of St. Lambert, Que., was groomsmen, and Mr. J. Leonard Crew acted as usher. Mrs. Wright wore reseda silk eolienne over taffeta and black hat with plumes; Mrs. Buchanan, mother of the groom, wore a pretty violet and white costume and white hat and plumes. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan left on the 5.20 train for New York, en route for England, Ireland and Scotland, for a two months' trip. The bride travelled in a brown tailor-made, with tan and gold, and French sailor with brown wings. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl ring, to the bridesmaid a pearl heart and chain, to the best man a gold fob and to the usher a pearl scarf pin. The out of town guests were from Detroit, New York, Buffalo, Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. David J. Proctor, of 12 Emers n ave., after spending six weeks in England, Ireland and France, are returning per SS. Empress of Ireland. Mrs. Proctor has been greatly benefited by the trip.

Miss Morrison and Mrs. Webber are spending the summer at Fort Warin, Lake Shore road, Hanlan's Point.

Mrs. S. Mohr, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Lyons, at Hotel Hanlan, Toronto Island.

The following Torontonians are at Carthen Bay, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, Mr. Dave Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Arnott, Mr. Richard Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. S. Oldham, Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Scholes, Miss Dorothy Scholes, Mr. and Mrs. Tozer, Miss Margaret Kerr, Mr. Walter Tozer, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Robinson, the Misses Shirley and Helen Scholes, Miss Scholes, Messrs. Frank Warren, Fred Pyne and Jack Jones were week-end visitors.

Mrs. and the Misses Hagarty are at Woodington for the month of August. Others at Woodington are Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Edith Holland, and Miss Muriel Baldwin. Mrs. and Miss Lemesurier are at Gofa.

Miss S. Strickwell Tully, who is now in Rysoord, Holland, will return in the autumn and spend the winter in Toronto.

The Argonaut's fortnightly dance takes place on Monday evening, from 8.30 to 11.15 o'clock.

The Misses Merritt, St. George street, gave a small dinner party last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beatty are at the Arlington, Cobourg. Mr. W. H. Brouse and a party motored down for a short visit last week. Mrs. D. D. Mann is also at Cobourg for a time. Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray have gone to Minnicog. Mrs. George Burton is visiting Mrs. Featherston Aylesworth at Orchard Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryan are at their summer place at Oriental Isle.

Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon, accompanied by his little son and daughter, arrived from Ottawa this week to stay with Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon. Master MacMahon will later go to Niagara-on-the-Lake, to stay with Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Dr. Spragge has gone abroad for his health and is accompanied by Mr. Godfrey Spragge.

Mr. and Mrs. Herring are returning to England shortly.

The Misses Kay arrived from England last week and are staying with their aunt, Mrs. Egerton Baines, in Beverley street.

Mr. R. J. Fleming is the guest of Mr. Mitchell, at Kirkfield, Balsam Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash and Mr. Millar Lash are summering in Muskoka.

Mr. G. Larrett Smith, who has been fishing up the Saguenay, is staying with his family at Cacouna.

Miss Gladys Nordheimer has gone to Sydney, C. B., for a time. Miss Nordheimer has been very busy getting her trousseau for her marriage which takes place in October. Her cousin, Miss Cecil Nordheimer, will be married in the same month.

Miss Rosamond Boulbee is in Brantford.

Miss Pattie Warren gave a week-end party at The Cottage, Niagara-on-the-Lake, the guests including Miss Evelyn Somerville, Mr. Eric Armour and Mr. Rupert Bruce.

Mrs. Piper was the hostess of the Summer Club tea last week and her picturesque cottage at the Island was thronged with people who sat on the wide verandah and listened to an excellent programme rendered by Mrs. F. J. Peterson, Mr. Bernard Rickman (tenor), and the Messrs. Quarrington. The teatable was in charge of Miss Celestine Piper and her sister, both girls wearing pretty light dresses.

Among the guests from Toronto at the Royal Muskoka are Miss L. Chapour, Miss M. Vanderlieuf, Miss Goulding, Mr. F. H. McPherson, Mr. F. W. Spadiel, Mr. J. J. Adamson, Mr. and Mrs. John S. McKinnon, Miss Misner, Miss Angela F. Edwards, Miss Drewry, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hills, Mr. A. B. Willis, Mrs. Wilbur, Miss Ryerson, Miss Isabel Ryerson, Miss Muriel Millichamp, Miss Gertrude Bachan, Mr. J. R. Peters, Mr. J. B. Rogers, Mr. G. A. Burton, Dr. Hamilton, Miss E. Delker, Miss M. H. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. T. Fairweather, Miss Landers, Miss M. Kiely, Mr. and Mrs. C. Leslie Wilson, Mr. G. T. Slade, Mr. H. A. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Mr. S. T. Montgomery, Mrs. M. Lewis, Miss G. Temple, Mr. William Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Porter, Mrs. E. E. Worthington, Mrs. T. Harris, Mr. Lauren S. Harris, Mr. Howard K. Harris, Miss Zillah Worthington, Dr. R. W. Bell, Mr. S. B. Buller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Porter, Mr. Chas. E. Clarke, Mr. W. G. Tooke.

Miss Misner, Parkdale, returned from the Royal Muskoka on Monday and left for the Georgian Bay the following day.

Mrs. and Miss Harris of Montreal are in town.

Miss Good is spending the summer at Cap a l'Aigle.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Rowe McIntyre, daughter of Mrs. E. J. McIntyre, recently of Seattle, Wash., to Mr. Robert Charles Hearn, of Toronto. Miss McIntyre is spending the summer at Fare-Thee-Well Island, Muskoka. The wedding takes place in September in Toronto.

Among Toronto visitors recently registered at the Canadian High Commissioner's Office, London, Eng., were noticed the names of Louis F. Heyd, K.C., and Mrs. Heyd, of Sherbourne street, who are enjoying an extended tour on the continent.

The marriage of Miss Ena McCosh and Mr. Arthur Milligan, of Toronto, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride's mother in Amadore, Michigan, on Wednesday, July 24, at two o'clock, the Rev. G. F. Wilson, of Amadore, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan left for California and will make an extended trip on the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Godfrey, from Atlanta, Ga., are in town again after a brief visit to Muskoka. Mrs. Godfrey leaves shortly for Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Arthurs and her granddaughter, Miss Maude Arthurs Weir, will return shortly from Chicago, where they have spent the last five months visiting friends and relations.

Spencer Compton Cavendish, the eighth Duke of Devonshire, who is reported seriously ill, was born July 23, 1833. He succeeded to the ducal title in 1891, having previously become well-known by his courtesy title of Marquis of Hartington. First returned to the House of Commons in 1857, he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1863, and Secretary of State for War in 1866. He was Postmaster-General under Gladstone from 1868 to 1871, and Chief Secretary for Ireland during the next three years. He was Secretary for India from 1880 to 1882, and then came three more years as Secretary of State for War. Since 1886 he has been recognized as an active and influential leader of the Liberal Unionists, and on the formation of a Unionist ministry in 1895 accepted the post as Lord President of the Council. He opposed Chamberlain in his fiscal policy, and led the Free Trade Unionists. His wife, who was formerly the Duchess of Manchester, is a recognized leader in English society, and he himself is one of the largest and wealthiest landowners in Great Britain.

A writer in a Boston paper says: There are many people who believe that the servant question, a solution for which the whole world is now making efforts to discover, is a product of the present time. This is not the case, however, and were the wise Akiba still alive he might with right use his truism, "It has all been here before," in connection with the problem. This may be demonstrated by no less an authority than Goethe. In his "Wilhelm Meister," written about 111 years ago, there is a scene where the hero comes to the home of Therese, sent there by Lothario and Jarno. Receiving Wilhelm, Therese asks to be excused because of her scant board: "My cook," she says, "just ran away at a most inopportune time, and our man mangled his hand. I had to prepare all myself. . . . Nothing bothers one more nowadays than servants; no one will serve, not even themselves."

Within the last few years a revolution has been accomplished at Oxford which ought really to affect the mind of the nation more than the difference between Lord Curzon and Lord Rosebery, says the London Spectator. A textbook has been discarded which was already venerable for its antiquity at the beginning of the Christian era. "Needless to say, we are referring to Euclid's 'Elements.'" For what other textbook ever had such a run as that! It has been accepted ever since its publication, which was in the reign of the first Ptolemy (B.C. 323-285). No writer has ever become so identified with a science as Euclid with geometry. The nearest approaches are to be found in the relation of Aristotle and of Adam Smith to political economy.

In the course of a recent case before Mr. Justice Darling the Judge declined to make a requested ruling, saying that if he did so the Court of Appeals would say he was wrong. Counsel having expressed disagreement with this view, the Judge said: "Well, you know the Court of Appeals as well as I do, perhaps better for you see them at work, while I only meet them at luncheon." To which the barrister dryly replied: "Your Lordship sees them at their best."—Law Notes.

What strikes the London Spectator as being among the things that are most extremely funny are Mark Twain's stories of his editing an agricultural paper; of how, in the columns of that paper, he advised that: "Turnips should never be pulled; it injures them. It is better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree;" and of his putting forth the information that "the guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it."

"I am working along and destroying things," says Artist Gibson after two years abroad. Which leads the New York Mail to ask: Can not we send our popular novelists and playwrights to Paris?

Only they worship success who despair of it.—Life.

## SAVING MONEY

The wisdom of saving money must be apparent to any person who gives the subject any thought. A little money saved enables you to take advantage of opportunities for making more money; to buy a lot, to make the first payment on a home, to start in business for yourself. The opportunities come to the man with Capital. Saving the small sums is the creation of Capital.

There is but one certain, safe way to accumulate money, and that is to save it. Thus, and thus alone, can the foundation of wealth be firmly laid. Those who earn and spend are many. Those who earn and save are the select few who gain a competence and place themselves in a position to grasp life's opportunities by spending less than they earn and saving the surplus.

Economy is the road to wealth. Deposit your savings with the

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

## SUMMER FATIGUE CURED AT

### Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

The pores being thoroughly cleansed of obnoxious perspiration and effete matter, the system then becomes charged with fresh, pure oxygen, so that one enjoys a hot day without becoming fatigued. A swim in the cool marble swimming bath is very refreshing.

Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.  
 202 and 204 KING ST. WEST.



## Vacation Hints

Accidents are liable to happen to your glasses at any time. Before leaving for your vacation better let us fit up an extra pair in case of emergency.

A good pair of field glasses will add greatly to your pleasure. We have them from \$4.00 to \$75.00.

"Take a Kodak With You." A full line of Eastman Kodaks and supplies always on hand.

Mail your Kodak work to us.

**A. E. RYDE**  
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**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
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A Representative will  
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Let us supply you with your requirements in our line. Orders carefully packed and expressed anywhere in Ontario. Send for Wine List.

### THE WM. MARA CO.

VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St.  
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WINE MERCHANTS  
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## COLD CREAMS

LIOLA CREAM  
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### Extra Fine Bath Sponges

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KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

Church and  
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**MUSKOKA**—Novel, graceful, smart. A real comfort collar for hot weather wear. 1 1/2 in. high at back. 3 inches between point-tips. 20c each 3 for 50c

**WATER LINEN Collars**

Made of IRISH linen and sewn specially well to hold shape and give that collar service you'll get only if you Demand the brand Makers, Berlin, Canada

**YOU WANT STRENGTH**

YOU can get it and keep it by taking **WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT.**

All druggists—everywhere.

#### SALE OF PINE TIMBER

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order-in-Council, tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Tuesday, 3rd September next, for the right to cut pine timber on the townships of D'Arcy, McGee, Chewett, Cochrane, Borden and Gage, near the town of Chapleau on the Canadian Pacific Railway; on Berth W.D. 2 west of Woman River station on the C. P. R.; on certain areas on Lake Windermere, south of Windermere station; all in the district of Algoma. Also the white and red pine timber on certain lots in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd cons. of the township of Beuchamp, and on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th cons. of the township of Henwood, north of Lake Temiscamiquing, in the district of Nipissing; also certain pine timber on what is known as "Franklin Island" in the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, north of the town of Parry Sound, in the district of Parry Sound.

For conditions, further particulars, maps, etc., apply to the undersigned. E. Cochrane, Minister, Dept. of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, 8th July, 1907. No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

#### Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Ratify must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Five months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

"Don't you know what happens to bad little boys who smoke?" "Sure—nuthin' like as bad as what happens to good little boys what smoke."—Life.

#### A YELLER PUP

By James P. Haverson



A YELLER pup ain't got no snap, Jes' knockin' round de streets. It looks like Fate wuz out to slap A yellor pup. He has to dodge each kid he meets, No lady holds him in her lap. Fer him, life ain't no box uv sweets. His home ain't marked upon de map. He's listed wid de bums an' beats, An' any cur is game to scrap A yellor pup.

Toronto, Aug., '07.

#### How "Innocents Abroad" Came to be Written.

THE story of how "Innocents Abroad" came to be written is given by Mark Twain in his last instalment of autobiography. In 1866, Mark Twain made a journey around the world, starting westward from San Francisco. The proprietors of The Alta, San Francisco, engaged him to write an account of the trip—"fifty letters of a column and a half each, which would be about two thousand words per letter, and the pay to be twenty dollars per letter." The trip was made, and when the author returned and started out to deliver lectures on the journey in various California cities, he "never had people enough in the houses to sit as a jury of request on his lost reputation." No one knew about him, because the thrifty owners of that prodigiously rich Alta newspaper had copyrighted all those poor little twenty-dollar letters, and had threatened with prosecution any journal which should venture to copy a paragraph from them. Mark Twain had contracted to furnish a book "on the excursion" to the American Publishing Company of Hartford. The situation became "uncomfortable" when "the proprietors of this stealthily acquired copyright" refused to let him use the letters. Mark Twain continues in The North American Review.

"Mr. Mac-Something—I have forgotten the rest of his name—said his firm were going to make a book out of the letters in order to get back the thousand dollars which they had paid for them. I said that if they had acted fairly and honorably, and had allowed the country press to use the letters or portions of them, my lecture-scheme on the coast would have paid me ten thousand dollars, whereas The Alta had lost me that amount. Then he offered a compromise: he would publish the book and allow me 10 per cent. royalty on it. The compromise did not appeal to me, and I said so. I was now quite unknown outside of San Francisco, the book's sale would be confined to that city, and my royalty would not pay me enough to board me three months; whereas my eastern contract, if carried out, could be profitable to me, for I had a sort of reputation on the Atlantic seaboard acquired through the publication of six excursion-letters in the New York Tribune and one or two in The Herald."

In the end "Mr. Mac agreed to suppress his book," leaving the "rights" to the new book in Mark Twain's hands. The book proceeded to get itself written in the manner described by its author in these words dictated in 1904:

"Noah Brooks was the editor of The Alta at the time, a man of sterling character and equipped with a right heart, also a good historian where facts were not essential. In biographical sketches of me written many years afterward (1902), he was quite eloquent in praise of the generosity of The Alta people in giving to me without compensation a book which, as history had afterward shown, was worth a fortune. After all the fuss, I did not levy heavily upon The Alta letters. I found that they were newspaper matter, not book matter. They had been written here and there and yonder, as opportunity had given me a chance working-moment or two during our feverish flight around about Europe or in the furnace-heat of my stateroom on board the Quaker City, therefore they were loosely constructed, and needed to have some of the wind and water squeezed out of them. I used several of them—ten or twelve, perhaps. I wrote the rest of 'The Innocents Abroad' in sixty days, and I could have added a fortnight's labor with the pen and gotten along without the letters altogether. I was very young in those days, exceedingly young, marvelously young, younger than I am now, younger than I shall ever be again."

#### Mr. Balfour and Some Ironical Cheers.

T. P. O'Connor in P. T. O.

THE ironical cheer is one of the most effective and unique weapons of the warfare of the House of Commons. There is no form of utterance into which that body can concentrate so much expression, especially scornful expression. Mr. Gladstone could pass through the whole gamut of expression in a single sentence; could thunder, and coo, and laugh, and weep all in the course of a few minutes; but he had one form of utterance which was more expressive than all the others, and that was his ironical cheer. It sounded like some leonine roar coming from cavernous depths, and had a force of concentrated scorn so dramatic and at the same time with such a touch of the ridiculous and the grotesque that the House, when it heard it, always laughed with and laughed at the Grand Old Man. I have heard Parnell in the days when he was still only on the way to omnipotence interrupted with a burst of ironical cheers from the whole House which would have made the blood run cold of a less resolute and icy man. Sometimes the ironical cheers descend to something like buffoonery. This was its character when it took the form of "Yah, yah, yah," as it did when poor Sir Robert Fowler, a good old Tory of the old school, used to thunder it forth from his seat. He is long since dead, but the echoes of his

"Yah, yah, yah," still resound in the ears of all those who ever heard it.

When for these reasons an old Parliamentarian hears an ironical cheer rise on the evening air in the House he always pricks up his ears, and knows that something of note is going on. And this was what I felt the other afternoon when I heard an ironical cheer greet the rise of Mr. Balfour. A stranger entering the House would have been perhaps a good deal puzzled to know what were the origin and meaning of this cheer. All he could see was that a very tranquil looking gentleman got up from his seat on the front Opposition bench and asked C.-B. a question with regard to a motion which stood on the paper complaining of the attitude of the Government to the recent Colonial Conference. And things would not have been made clearer to him when C.-B., in his turn, getting up quite quietly, answered in the most civil manner that he was quite willing to fall in with the request so politely put to him, and that the leader of the Opposition might practically have almost any day he liked. Why, then, the ironical cheer?

To get the answer you must go back a few days before. Then also the motion of censure was on the order-paper, but when the moment came for the leader of the Opposition to ask a day for it, the leader of the opposition was nowhere to be seen. Then there took place on the front Opposition bench a little scene which attracted a good deal of attention and excited a good deal of amusement among the Liberal onlookers. Mr. Lyttelton seemed flustered; Mr. Austen Chamberlain flushed rather angrily; and then both incontinently disappeared, and apparently went in search of the absent leader. But they had to return without the leader; the golden moment passed off, and no question was asked of C.-B., and the motion still hung, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt earth and sky. The tittering grew into a laugh, and when later on Mr. Balfour at last did appear, there was one of those scornful cheers which, as I have said, express and mean so much.

The inner meaning of the two scenes was this: Mr. Balfour is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to hate above all things the introduction into the debates of to-day of the fiscal question. On that subject he is not in entire agreement with certain extremists at least of his own party, and in his heart of hearts he is supposed to be of the opinion that the cry, if persevered in, will lead into the same morass of hopeless defeat in the future as it did at the last general election. But, on the other hand, there are in his party very few now that are not just as determined to push tariff reform to the front as much as Mr. Balfour is determined to send it back to the rear; and this is the internal struggle that is still going on inside the bosom of the Tory party, and that will continue to go until either of two things happen; the resignation of Mr. Balfour, or his acceptance of the full doctrine of the tariff reformers. My own impression is that the tariff reformers will win in the end.

Here, then, you have that always curious and interesting spectacle—a leader remaining head of a party whose opinions on the chief issue of the day he does not share. And yet there is no escape from the situation. When it comes to deposing Mr. Balfour, the difficulty at once arises, who is to take his place? I know there are several tariff reformers who have vowed that, if they can help it, Mr. Balfour will never again hold the place of Prime Minister in a Tory Administration. These vows an old politician always hears with a certain degree of cynical distrust; they are so easily broken when the moment of stress comes. If Mr. Chamberlain had not been struck down by illness, he would by this time have either forced Mr. Balfour into tariff reform, or have taken his place as leader. But Mr. Chamberlain is finished. He may improve in health, but nobody seriously believes that he will ever make a speech in the House of Commons again. Who, then, is to take Mr. Balfour's place? You cannot hear Mr. Balfour speak for half an hour without feeling that he stands head and shoulders above any man in his party. There is only one man beside him who even approaches him in intelligence, and that is Mr. Wyndham.

#### Royal Artists.

KING EDWARD can not only boast that he has had a picture exhibited at Burlington House at an earlier age than the most precocious of our present Royal Academicians, says London Tit-Bits, but that his picture was purchased for a substantial sum before the public even set eyes on it.

This remarkable and little-known episode in his Majesty's life occurred more than half a century ago, when Queen Victoria's children contributed sketches to an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of a fund for the soldiers wounded in the Crimean War. The record prize in the exhibition was realized by a sketch entitled "The Battlefield," the work of the Princess Royal, which found a purchaser for the sum of 250 guineas. The Prince of Wales' sketch (he was only 13 at the time) was bought for 55 guineas; and drawings by the still younger Princes and Princesses fetched 30 guineas each.

There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely one of Queen Victoria's descendants who has not inherited in some degree her love of art. The late Empress Frederick was throughout her life passionately fond of painting and exhibited so much skill that the Berlin Academy of Arts enrolled her among its members in recognition of her "talent" as a composer and a draughtswoman.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is little less skillful with the brush, as is proved by the three beautiful landscapes which for so many years hung in Queen Victoria's sitting room at Osborne, and by many other pictures which have honored places in almost every royal palace in Great Britain. Princess Christian's talent takes the form of exquisite designs for the tapestry produced under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the most skillful amateur painters of flowers in England.

But undoubtedly the best artist in our royal family is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who can produce with equal skill a beautiful picture or a life size statue which will compare not unfavorably with most professional work.

Secretary Elihu Root is said to have been one of the best paid attorneys in the United States. General Corbin, who used frequently to accompany him upon horseback excursions, was embarrassed by his fruitless efforts to engage Root in conversation. Becoming desperate from his repeated failures, Corbin, in speaking of the dilemma, said: "Why, the man is so accustomed to being paid for talking that I'll be hanged if I believe he will talk unless he is paid for it. I'll have to pay him a stiff fee to hear the sound of his voice."

## Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

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**INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP**

DELIGHTFUL--10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes

On Land or on Sea the Food for the Summer Outing is

## TRISCUIT

The Shredded Wheat wafer which imparts nourishment and strength without heaviness and makes the burden of hot weather easy to bear. Ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

Try it with butter, cheese, or marmalades. All Grocers 13c. a carton; 2 for 25c.

### THE SAFEGUARD OF HEALTH BEGINS AT HOME

The first step—and the last—towards securing what is more precious than gold is a home in which sanitation is perfect. The difference between the poorest and the perfect in cost is so small, and in result so great, that



#### "Standard Ideal" Porcelain Enamelled Ware

for the bathroom, the kitchen or the laundry is within moderate means and saves in doctors' bills more than the expense of the whole outfit.

Durable as adamant, pure white and lustrous as fine china, absolutely

smooth "Standard Ideal" Ware will not only adorn the home but transform it from a dwelling place into an abode of comfort and happiness.

"Standard Ideal" Ware is a Safeguard of Health. Your architect and plumber will be glad to install it in your home. Ask them.

### THE STANDARD IDEAL CO., LIMITED

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne St. Montreal, 128 West Craig St. Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block.

## Prohibitionists Commend KOPS ALE and STOUT

Because these beverages are strictly non-alcoholic. Brewed from the finest Kentish Hops, they contain the full food, stimulating properties of the alcoholic ales and stouts, but are absolutely devoid of all intoxicant powers.

### FOR TABLE and MEDICINAL USE

Kops Ale and Stout have no equal. They supply an aid to digestion and nourishment; and healthful stimulation to invalids and convalescents.

Be sure to try them. Ask your grocer or druggist at once, or phone or write us.

**KYLE & HOOPER, Sole Ontario Agents**  
21 Front St. East, TORONTO



WHEN buying a box of chocolates for a gift, remember the daintiest and best of confections are

#### "R E X"

Made by GILPIN-MOFFATT CO. TORONTO



## Leather Travelling Requisites

**DIAMOND HALL'S** Department of Leather Goods is showing a very extensive line of the various necessary travelling requisites.

WE quote a few of the most popular pieces, especially selected to fill the needs of the Tourist.

Garment Hangers	2.00 to 7.50
Collar Cases	1.25 to 5.00
Trousers Hangers	2.00 to 3.50
Drinking Cups	.75 to 3.50
Medicine Cases	1.25 to 15.00
Dressing Cases	1.50 to 40.00

**RYRIE BROS.**

Limited

134-138 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

## Prescriptions

**ANDREW JEFFREY**

Yonge and Carlton Streets

MEDALS—35—AWARDS  
—SKIN FOOD SOAP—  
THE FAMOUS  
**BENZOL**  
Keeps the Face Young  
Renews the Complexion  
If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for  
Tablet, with Directions, to SALES DEPT.,  
531 Front Street East, Toronto



### Social Life On The Ocean

is insistent in its demands for an attractive appearance if one is able to be on deck, or appear at the table at all, and usually a woman experiences great difficulty in managing her hair to advantage.

### Many Years

of experience in catering to the special needs of travelling and traveled women has enabled us to offer special novelties for special purposes, and for a sea voyage, we have a Pompadour Bang, the wearing of which guarantees an attractive appearance always, and no hair worry whatever.

We will be pleased to show you this Bang, and its advantages will appear to your taste at once.

**THE PEMBER STORE.**  
Leaders in High Grade Hair Goods  
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**Campbell Black** **Jessie M. Goons**  
OSTROPATHY OSTROPATHY  
Graduates of American School of  
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Founder of the Science.

**TORONTO INSTITUTE OF**  
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567 SHERBOURNE ST.  
Treatment by Appointment.  
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### BUFFALO MOTHS.

Toronto is infested with the very destructive pest known as the Buffalo moth. Ladies will be pleased to know that "Cooper-Ford Buffalo Moth Exterminator" will absolutely rid the home of these insects.

\$10 ATLANTIC CITY AND RETURN, \$10.

From Suspension Bridge, via Lehigh Valley R. R., Friday, August 9. Tickets good 15 days. Stop-over allowed at Philadelphia. For tickets and particulars call 54 King street east, Toronto. Bureau of information Jamestown Exposition, 54 King street east.

Van Antler—Does the new butler know where to keep the wine?

Mrs. Van Antler—Judging from his appearance, he thinks he ought to carry it around himself.—Life.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE YACHT CLUB dance on Tuesday evening was quite the most enjoyable of this season, the night was cool, the crowd not too great and the mosquitoes chiefly conspicuous by their absence.

Those giving dinners before the dance were:

Mr. Cecil Lee, Mr. F. B. Allen, Mr. W. H. Burr, Mr. Leigh Hammond, Mr. W. B. Boland, Mr. T. Menzies, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mr. J. Ross, Mr. J. Hutchins, Mr. J. W. Mitchell, Mr. C. E. Daltry, Mr. W. A. Brown, Mr. M. Howard Irish, Mr. J. J. Ardagh, Mr. W. L. Murphy, Mr. E. L. Hunter, Mr. C. Mitchell, Mr. McClung, Mr. J. Haywood, Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. W. Staber, Mr. R. Kleiser, and Mr. J. C. Allen. Several large yachts from across the border were anchored outside the club, the "Priscilla" of Cleveland bringing Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Worthington, and Col. Gibbons; the "Emily," Mr. and Mrs. Burres; the "Dolph" of Rochester bringing Mr. and Mrs. Staber, all of whom were present at the dance. Others noticed were: Mrs. McClung, wearing a handsome lingerie gown and small hat, who had in her party, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, Mrs. McFarlane (New York), who wore black and white chiffon and a hat with yellow plumes; Mrs. Leigh Hammond, who dined with her husband, was in a lovely pale blue flowered chiffon and picturesque hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. M. H. Irish was in white and a leghorn hat with brown velvet and roses; Mrs. McCutcheon, a charming young matron was at dinner with a party and chaperoned her talented sister, Miss Birdie Luttrell, in a pink dress and hat; Miss MacLeod, one of the prettiest of the "not-outs"; Miss Edith Sweetman looked very well in a pale blue frock and hat, and her sister, Gladys, was all in white; Miss Aileen Robertson, a piquant little beauty who will make her debut in the autumn, was in pale green and a large black hat; Miss Hilda Reid, looked pretty in a fresh white muslin and lace, and burnt straw hat; Mrs. Tom Wood, was in a very beautiful white embroidery gown and brought her handsome sister, Miss Raphael (Montreal), in pink chiffon with deep satin tucks; Mrs. Wilkinson, a pale grey gown and black hat with pale blue feathers; Mrs. Hutchinson, a striped silk dress and hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Kathieen Murray was in white lace dress and hat with blue ribbons; Miss Meredith, apricot spotted silk with brown velvet strappings, small black hat and feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the lady wearing a smart white linen coat and skirt and black toque; Miss McClure (Glasgow), pink embroidered organdie with suspenders and Japanese sleeves of Dresden satin and hat with pink paradise plume; Miss McArthur of Winnipeg, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Beatrice Webster, wore white with Chinese ribbons, and Miss Ethelwyn Webster was very pretty in blue; Mr. Jim Foy, Mr. Ed. Foy, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Phillip Toller, Mr. Gerald Muntz, Mr. Moody, Mr. Louis MacMurray, Mr. J. MacMurray, the Commodore, Mr. Porter, Mr. George Sears; Mrs. Arthur Sutherland, cream serge costume, and white lace blouse and hat with white feathers; Miss Irene Alexander, white *pointe d'esprit* and lace; Mrs. Duggan was in black voile and chaperoned pretty Miss Lois Duggan, in white and pale blue; Miss Winifred Evans, white gown with pale blue coin-spots and pale blue hat and feathers; Miss Porter was very pretty in white; Mr. Stanley Sweetman, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Mackenzie, Miss Chilles (Montreal) in pink, Mr. Norman Gooderham, Mr. Trevor Temple, Mr. Marriott, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Mr. L. R. Cole, Mr. Alan McIntosh, Mr. T. E. Walker, Miss Thomas, white embroidery and lace over pale blue silk, Panama hat, with pale blue feathers and ribbons, Miss Dottie Lamont, white dress and blue sash.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore, who has been at Minnicog for some time, returns to Toronto next week. Mr. Frederick Beardmore, who was in Muskoka staying with Mr. Gzowski, has returned to Montreal.

Judge Morson, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, the Messrs. Macklem and Mr. Harry Beck have gone on a fishing expedition in Nova Scotia.

Miss Ethel Boulton (Montreal) is staying with Mrs. Falconbridge.

Mr. Harry Brock is spending a week at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. W. W. Couthard of Barrie is visiting friends at the Island.

Miss Hamilton and Miss Margaret Hamilton of McKenzie crescent, are spending their vacation in Calgary and other western towns.

Dr. R. J. Reade left last week for the South of England.

Miss Brenda Smellie is visiting her aunt in Fergus.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hees have gone to Saratoga Springs. They will extend their trip to Lake George and Lake Champlain and return home via Montreal and the Thousand Islands.

Miss "Foxie" Webber of Peterboro, is spending a few days with Mrs. W. Fletcher-Lambert, Hooper avenue, Centre Island, on her way to Detroit, where she will spend the rest of the summer.

Miss Anthes is spending the rest of the summer at "Felzheim," Moose River, the guest of relations.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Lyall Owen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Owen, Campbellford, Ont., to Mr. Charles Glen Ellis, Brantford. The wedding will take place early in the autumn.

Dr. Alfred F. Webster, 32 Bloor street west, has left for England to spend six weeks, returning about the middle of September.

Mr. A. Ross Love, who for some years was organist in an important church in western Ontario, has been appointed organist and choirmaster to "St. Giles" Presbyterian church, Toronto.

Mrs. Ferguson Burke has left for Vancouver, where she will spend the summer.

Torontonians registered at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are: Mr. J. M. Gander, Mrs. and Miss Gander, Miss Arnold, Mrs. Garaitt, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Suydam, Mr. and

Mrs. C. E. Clarke, Col. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Monro, Mr. J. Wm. Mackenzie, Mr. Winder Strathy, Mr. Geo. R. Hargraft, Mr. W. T. Brown, Mr. A. Wigmore, Mr. Andrew Bell, Mr. A. L. Spalding, Mr. J. Curry, Mr. T. A. Cuthbertson, Mr. Bernard Rickman, Mr. P. C. Larkin, Mr. A. S. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gurney.

Mrs. Aubrey O. Hurst, "Erment," Spadina road, and her daughter, Miss Erminie Hurst, and Master Clive have gone to the Belmont Pinelands, Muskoka, for a month. Mr. Hurst has left for the States on a business trip.

Miss Dorothy Beardmore will stay with Mrs. Campbell Nievens at Gloucester, for a short time before leaving for England, where she will be at school.

Miss Josephine Sheppard, youngest daughter of Mr. E. E. Sheppard, was married on July 17, in New York, to Mr. Anthony Filzel, of London, England.

### Niagara-on-the-Lake.

THE dance at the Queen's Royal on Saturday evening was enjoyed more than ever, as the cool evening made dancing a pleasure and the music was excellent. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Buffalo; Mrs. Sizer, Miss Sizer, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkover, Mr. and Mrs. White, the Misses Geddes, Miss Katie Miller, Miss G. Foy, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Violet Edwards, Mrs. Lansing, Miss L. Lansing, Miss M. Silverthorn, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Rosenmuller, the Misses Rosenmuller, Miss M. Garrett, the Misses Foy, Miss L. Ford, Mrs. Walters, Miss Fleischmann, Miss F. Heward, Miss Tell, Miss Pattie Warren, Miss Evelyn Somerville, Miss Gladys, Miss Norah Warren, Mrs. Syer, Miss Leida Lester, Mrs. Gearey, the Hon. J. J. Foy, Mr. Jim Foy, Mr. Kirkover, Mr. Jerome Fargo, Mr. Rosseau Kleiser, Dr. Snell, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Pierson, Mr. George Ince, Mr. Warren, Dr. Tuggs, Mr. E. Fleischmann, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Winder Strathy, Mr. Armour and many others.

On Saturday, July 27, a ladies' and men's handicap was played on the Queen's Royal links for very pretty prizes given by Mrs. S. H. Thompson, Toronto. The ladies' play in the morning resulted in a victory for Miss Fleischmann. In the afternoon the men's match took place, the lucky winner being Mr. B. Cryslar, Niagara.

The usual Thursday tea at the Queen's Royal Golf Club was a very jolly affair. A putting contest was played during the afternoon, Mrs. Cody and Mrs. Mann of Buffalo, winning the prize.

Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Winder Strathy and Mr. D. Armour spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Leida Lester spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Syer.

Mr. George Ince is spending his holidays at Paradise Grove.

Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., spent the week-end with his family at the Grove.

Miss Hodgins arrived in town on Friday to join Judge and Mrs. Hodgins who are among the guests at the Oban House.

Dr. Snell, Toronto, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. Fleischmann.

Much interest is being taken by the ladies of the Niagara Golf Club, who are busy playing their first two rounds for prizes given by the president of the club Mr. W. K. Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston returned to Toronto last week.

Miss Pattie Warren arrived in town on Saturday with a jolly party of her young friends and they are at the Warren Cottage, Chautauqua.

Mr. and Miss Thomas left town on Friday to spend a few days in New York.

Commodore Josiah Tattnall, U.S.N., at the English bombardment of the Pei-ho forts in June, 1859 says The Argonaut of San Francisco, used the phrase now famous—"Blood is thicker than water." By his orders the American launches assisted in towing the British marines to a point where they could make the attack on Taku. When he went aboard the British flagship to offer the services of American surgeons, his boat's crew joyfully served one of the forward guns, a feat of war which the commodore was not supposed officially to know, though his suspicions may have led him to protect his call. When brought to book for his violation of international law, Tattnall made the classic response which won popular opinion to his side and saved him the reprimand which otherwise the government might have administered. Commodore Tattnall resigned from the navy in 1861 to follow the fortunes of his native state, Georgia, and was an active though never distinguished officer in the Confederate States navy. He died in 1871 in a humble port office in Savannah, which had been created for the sole purpose of ameliorating the narrow circumstances in which he was left at the end of the war.

Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, always tries to be courteous. In preparation for the recent visit of the Duke of the Abruzzi the mayor, according to The Argonaut prepared a beautiful speech of greeting in Italian. Unfortunately the commander of the French cruiser Chasseloup Loubat called upon Mr. Fitzgerald and addressed him in French, whereupon the mayor of the most cultured city in the world, taken unawares, fired at his visitor a whole broadside of the Italian compliments intended for the duke. There was no harm done, and when the mayor discovered his mistake he had another try and said, "Agreez l'assurance de ma haute consideration," which, of course, made it all right at once.

Professor Koppay, the Austrian painter, returned to Vienna from New York, where he did several portraits, among them that of John D. Rockefeller. Professor Koppay, it is understood, received \$55,000 for portraits painted in America, which is not a bad return for six months' work.

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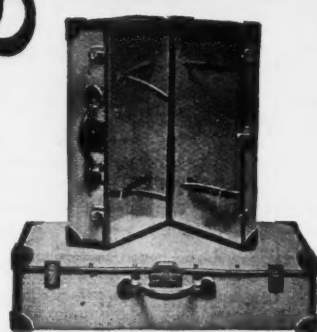


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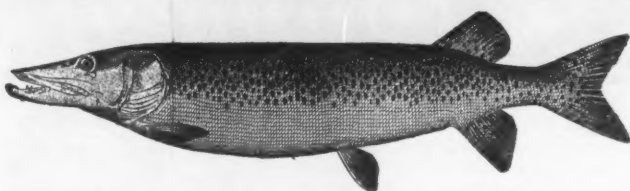
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G. R. MAJOR, Manager.

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## THE MASKINONGE



### POINTS ABOUT THIS WARY AND GAMY FISH

By M. W. G. PURSER

THIS season many of the sons of Jabal who still delight to live under canvas for a while will engage in the thrilling sport of maskinonge fishing. They believe with Garfield that "Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture, and that God's works in nature are among the best helps to right nurture." And they find that while they are pursuing piscatorial sport they have ample opportunity for communing with nature.

The maskinonge is wary and gamy, and difficult to lure, and consequently is held in high esteem. This fish, which is beautiful and well proportioned, is a near relative of the pike, which it somewhat resembles. One point of difference is that the coloration of the latter species is light spotted on a dark ground, and of the former species dark spotted on a light ground.

The name maskinonge is variously spelled. The word often appears as muscallunge, according to Bishop La Fleche, who was a recognized authority on Indian customs and dialects, and in his early life a devoted missionary in the Canadian northwest. Maskinonge is derived from "Maskh" (deformed) "kinonge" (a pike), and was applied to the Esox Nobilior by the Indians, because it appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed.

Men go maskinonge fishing equipped with reels, landing nets, gaff hooks and other paraphernalia, including the most costly spoons, but an Indian with a common brass spoon, or with one hammered out of the side of a mouth organ, can catch the most fish. Why maskinonge bite the twirling spoon at all is an interesting question. One answer is that the biting is done to commence a fight with a supposed intruder. Another answer, and a more probable one, is that the fish mistake the spoon as it twirls in the water for food. Generally it is maskinonge that bite these spoons, but bass occasionally do so. In about an hour one day recently I caught six bass trolling. One of these weighed 5 lbs. 7 1/2 ounces. Another question that often puzzles fishermen is why the fish do not bite on certain days. On such days the most telling spoon will but rarely prove effective. One explanation offered for this is to the effect that when the maskinonge set out to feed they gorge themselves and that their food is slow to digest. They will only bite well again when they are hungry.

In considering this question it is worth remembering that on the occasion of thunder the fish leave their usual haunts and seek deep water. Thunder has, in a limited degree, somewhat the same effect as dynamite and other explosives discharged in the water, which stun or kill the fish. A pike has been known to have been obtained by being stunned in shallow water by the discharge of a shotgun.

In this connection I might state that notwithstanding the prevailing belief that maskinonge will not bite after thunder. I went trolling one day immediately after a severe thunder storm and succeeded in catching a maskinonge. After a severe wind storm, when the water is not clear, the fish do not bite well, for the simple reason that they do not so readily see the spoon.

Maskinonge appear to bite well at the time of the full of the moon, and it would seem that more fish are caught in the afternoon than the forenoon. A gentleman who has had considerable success in catching maskinonge consults the almanac in order to determine the time when the fish will bite well. He says the right time is when the sign of the zodiac points to the stomach.

The maskinonge spawns in spring, and the eggs of one fish number many thousands. During this period the fish proceed to the marshes and deposit their eggs. Occasionally the water recedes, and the eggs, which somewhat resemble sago, are left

high and dry on the shore. The hatching process lasts 14 days.

It is during the spawning season that many fish have been shamefully slaughtered while they have been proceeding near the surface of the water. The usual plan is to spear them, but sometimes they are shot, and at night they are pursued by means of jack lights. At this period the fish are seen in large numbers, and one is amazed to notice so many maskinonge that would tip the scales at 20 lbs. and over. A female fish of this weight is often seen in company with a male fish of five or six pounds. At this season they are easily caught with a net.

Fishing for maskinonge offers plenty of excitement, for when one of the fish is tempted to bite your spoon, and is hooked, you are never sure of it until you see it in the boat. Fully as many get away as are landed and it requires a good deal of skill to successfully master a fair sized fish. The correct way of doing this appears to be to play the fish. When it yanks, you ease up on the line, but always keep on a strain of a pound or so. You work on this principle until you tire out the fish, and then you can do what you wish with it. The same plan is adopted in still fishing for bass, and a bass that will not permit of being played, can rarely be landed. You can capture more fish by adopting this playing plan than by other methods—netting and spearing excepted. But even the most expert angler will let some get away.

Maskinonge when hooked will sometimes jump completely out of the water, and at such time require delicate handling in order to avoid letting them away.

The majority of the maskinonge caught weigh less than six pounds, and those between six and twelve pounds are regarded as good-sized fish. A maskinonge weighing between twelve and twenty pounds is considered a very large one, and one over twenty pounds is regarded as an extraordinary catch, and the capture of one is the event of a life time.

Before the whites inhabited this continent the Indians fished with a bone, sharpened at both ends, tied to the string a little from the middle. In olden times maskinonge would bite at a piece of red flannel on a hook, but now a fisherman goes out equipped with spoons of gold or silver or pearl. Success is achieved fishing for maskinonge in the gaps of rice beds with a short line. Fish that have been hooked will bite again. To my knowledge a maskinonge was caught with a hook in its mouth, with which it had gotten away on some former occasion. The fish was somewhat emaciated, but its capture proves that maskinonge can be fooled more than once with the spoon.

I will add a few rules and maxims which I have found worth remembering: The spoon used in trolling appears to be the most effective when small, and it should not play hard to do good work. An east wind is a poor fishing wind. Fish go against the wind and against the current. It is not a good sign to see the fish jumping. A good place to try for maskinonge is in what the Indians call a maskkong—the end of a rice bed. On a dark day use a silver bait, and on a bright day use a brass or gold one. One secret of successful fishing is to keep your hooks very sharp. A ripple on the water is favorable. Fish bite the best while it is threatening rain, and when it is raining. In parts of a lake the maskinonge will not be biting at all on a certain day, but in other parts of a lake they will be found biting. The best times to try are at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon and about sunset. The trolling line should be from six to seven fathoms in length. A fish poorly hooked will come along much nearer the surface of the water than one well hooked. A good plan is for two boats to proceed about thirty or forty yards abreast of each other. Maskinonge change their feeding grounds from year to year.

Cobourg, Ont., July, '07.



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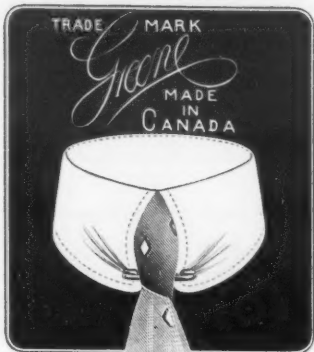


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# Sporting Comment

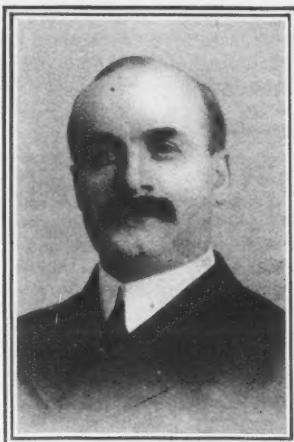
THE Shamrocks of Montreal proved conclusively last Saturday that they have come back to their old-time form, and the ten thousand and odd spectators who braved the perils of the vasty deep to witness the match, saw a contest that will go down in history as one of the most hair-raising affairs in the history of the game. The score, 4-3, is quite a contrast to the majority of swollen tally-sheets that have been the rule this year, and pretty well indicates the closeness of the match and the merits of the play.

The Shamrocks have always been a good road team. It is immaterial to them whether they are playing away from home, or in their own back yard, their dogged persistence and ability to finish strong, are equally in evidence under both conditions. So the wise ones, who picked them to win out, have at least the forlorn satisfaction of saying "I told you so," as a balm for the defeat of the local team.

Looking at it from every standpoint, perhaps it was not exactly a disaster that things happened as they did. Tecumsehs were making a run-away race of it, and were due for a healthy bump; it was much easier to bear, when said bump was administered by the only other serious contenders in the race, and not by one of the "also-rans." These two defeats have changed the Tecumsehs' progress from a procession to a battle-royal, and now that the contest for the Minto Cup is nearing its final stage, neither team can afford to make the slightest mistake, or disaster will follow.

By the time the roll of honor for 1907 is adjusted, there should be some very interesting lacrosse history to chronicle.

SPORT in Hamilton must be in a parlous state, when a fake, advertised as a wrestling contest between a man and a "wild bull," could



Mr. Thomas Wall

Whenever there is a big golf meet in Toronto Mr. Thomas Wall, the travelling representative of Spalding, is always on hand. No tournament would be complete without his genial and optimistic presence. Mr. Wall plays a pretty good game himself and has represented Quebec more than once in the inter-provincial match.

Bogey had better take himself off for the balance of the meet.

There are enough events on the program to satisfy anyone: Open championship, divided into three flights, according to handicap; open handicap (where it may be said the average player stands more than an even chance) and the usual driving and approaching contests for those who fancy themselves a bit in those lines.

There is an ancient axiom that "He that openeth a jack-pot shall not always rake it down," and it is equally true that he who smites the longest tee-shot may not find it on the course. Some of the outside entrants have quite a name for annihilating distance with their drives. Perhaps, when the result is known it will be found that these mighty ones have



BOLAR and JACOBS—Don Rowing Club

First and second in the senior singles at the regatta on Saturday. They will row in the senior doubles at the Canadian Henley.

draw a \$1,000 gate. The wrestler, who sails under the nom de guerre of Athos, has been heard of before in different places, but the wild bull was an unknown, who proved to be of diminutive proportions, and sadly lacking in spirit and knowledge of the rules of the game. He refused to go on. Perhaps the gate wasn't large enough, or the referee didn't suit him, but the fact remains, that he withdrew his entry, and the juvenile portion of the crowd got their money's worth by twisting his tail.

Under the conditions, there was only one thing to do—start a riot. This portion of the exercises was a great success; the air was pretty well congested for a space, with half-bricks and other missiles beloved of the mob, and the unfortunate police sustained considerable damage to uniforms and otherwise in their efforts to bring the meeting to order.

And this is the town that turned out the champion Tigers. Alas, poor Yoricks!

NEXT week will see the second annual tournament of the Lambton Golf Club in full swing, and if the quality of the entries is any criterion, it should prove the greatest event in the annals of Canadian golf. The disinterested efforts of A. W. Tillinghast, of Philadelphia, have resulted in the entry of most of the top-notchers from the other side of the line, and when these players get acquainted with the links Colonel

fallen down to some man who lines out his modest 170 every time, but keep 'em straight. Stranger things have happened.

THE idea of holding international contests on the lines of the ancient Greeks was first carried out in 1896 at Athens; the second meet took place at Paris in 1900; the third at St. Louis in 1904. The scheme is to hold the games in a different country every four years. Rome had originally been decided as the venue of the games in 1908, but for various reasons it was found impossible to carry out that scheme. The Olympic international committee, having obtained King Edward's approval of the idea of holding them in England next year, the matter was laid before the British Olympic Council, which drew up a memorandum addressed to all the different athletic associations, asking them for their opinion. The replies received being all favorable, and even enthusiastic, it was formally decided to hold the games in England as requested by the international committee. Lord Desborough says that the arrangements arrived at with the promoters of the Franco-British exhibition provided for the construction by them of a stadium capable of seating 130,000 spectators, from which all the principal events would be witnessed. The plans of the stadium show that it will be accessible from half a dozen railroads, besides being tapped by tubes, trams, and buses.

### The Judge at Golf.

HAVE you ever seen the judge address the ball?

He fixes it with stern judicial gaze, A gaze that would the guilty soon appall,

And from the court win well deserved praise.

He looks the little culprit on the "dot,"

And lifts his club of justice, firm and true,

Saying, as he gives an awful swat—"Two hundred yards or more, my man, for you!"

But it's awful when the judge is "off" his game,

The skies are dull'd as by some dark set cloud;

Each mis-spent "put" and "brassie" topp'd or tame,

Doth cause a silence that is almost loud.

And all the 'dressing on this certain case,

Have been expended in an effort vain,

Leaving nought but his convincing grace,

To fasten on some varied cause the blame.

Should you ever see the judge when really "on,"

A joy ineffable is then for you in store,

To watch him drive with aim unerring, strong,

And brassie like a Vardon—shouting, "Fore!"

Then when the game is over, and you hear

The play discussed, with dignity benign—

'Tis great indeed to note his "verdict" clear,

I did it in a perfect eighty-nine!

W. H. WEBLING.

Brantford, Ont., Aug., '07.

### How Weather Affects Golf.

PROBABLY few people realize that the ideal day for long driving is when the air is full of moisture and the barometer readings are quite low, says a writer in The London Tatler. Nine men out of ten would select a bright, brisk day in early autumn, when there is a touch of frost in the air, and the ball seems in the stillness to make an extra "click" as it leaves the club. But they are wrong, for a dry, frosty day is almost always the concomitant of a high glass, and that means that the air is heavy and forcing the mercury up the tube.

When, on the contrary, the atmosphere is light, when distances are all fore-shortened, when far, far away sounds are clearly audible—in fact, when conditions presage a heavy fall of rain—then is the time when the ball flies long and true through the air, the simple explanation being that it meets with less resistance in its flight. Of course, this state of matters only applies to the actual carry. The longest balls are naturally obtained when the ground is hard, either by frost or by long drought.

The kind of weather the golfer hates most is a continuance of dry, cold east wind and bright sunshine. Not to mention the effect this weather has on the liver, the eye, and the temper, it is fraught with evil to the links. The greens become fiery



and untrue, approaches are kicked into bunkers or get "shooting falls" which carry them over the greens, and a long putt is a thing of terror.

Such was the weather at St. Andrews when the open championship was played there in 1905. Herd stigmatized the putting greens as "curling ponds," and almost everyone was in shocking bad temper. The one exception was the ultimate winner, James Baird, who took the biting east wind, "skittily" greens and new bunkers with his usual philosophic calm. His is a wonderful temperament for golf. Others may be as good as he is with mere golf clubs, but he can give most of them a third over, the temper course.

What is the ideal golfing day? It must be dull, for a bright sun is an abomination; it foreshortens the distances and makes the iron clubs gleam and glint, so that the eye is often dazzled (some players keep their irons rusty for this reason—a horribly untidy habit). There should be a suspicion of a wind from a mild quarter as approaching and driving are both easier if there be just a slight air to steady the aim. Then to make things perfect a slight shower should have fallen in the early morning so that the greens "grip" the ball. Golf is an easy game under these conditions, and it does not follow that the best player will win. The best player is he who can rise superior to weather conditions—one who needs no pampering, one like the amateur champion.

### Frenchmen at Golf

THE golfing Frenchman was once a very rare bird; to-day the species is quite common. Courses are springing up all over France not merely in the places frequented by the English and Americans, but in industrial centres such as Bordeaux and Lille.

Parisian golf was really born at Maison Lafitte where is a race-course with a colony of Britons, then it migrated to Le Pecq, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Every French seaside place that respects itself has a golf course nowadays. It is held to be the surest way of attracting the Anglo-Saxon. One wonders, in fact what middle aged masculinity did with itself before golf was successfully implanted in England. Cycling is deadly monotonous as an exercise, since there are geographical reasons why you cannot "coast" forever, and motoring had hardly been invented.

How did man kill time when he was not working?

The Frenchman in pregolf days had and has other relaxations. He is fond of promenading with his women folk, especially if they are good looking he will dance attendance for hours and has been known even to take to shopping, whereas no Englishman of middle life with an inclination to baldness would ever dare to confess that he found relaxation from office cares in watching his wife buy chignons.

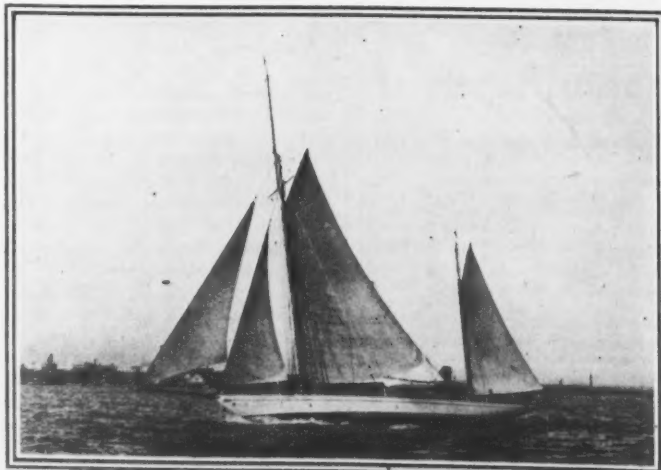
The Frenchman has brought some of his idiosyncrasies into the game, of course. He cannot entirely separate himself from the fair sex during the two hours that it takes him to do his eighteen holes, and so you see him in immaculate costumes—with beautiful stockings and marvellously striped knickerbockers—surrounded by a little bevy of ladies who are happily unconscious that he is playing a shocking game and fooling his drive every time. To those sweet creatures in summer white and hats like a flower garden all these things are fearful mysteries—almost beyond the comprehension of any one but a very plain woman and a suffragette. All they know is that Henri is looking very "chic" and distinguished and "tres Anglais." This latter comment is added because since the waiters have grown mustaches Henri has realized the secret ambition of his life and chopped his off.

Yes, when you see a parol on the green be sure a Frenchman is near.

THE vast multitude of racehorse owners in England, from the King downwards, are eagerly engaged in a strenuous struggle for the £500,000 annually distributed as prize money on the turf. It is extremely interesting and somewhat surprising to glance at the list of winning owners and see who the lucky sportsmen were who obtained a share of this glittering heap of gold in the last contest. Headed by his Majesty the list of winning owners contained the names of four dukes and twenty-four lords, says The Tatler. The dual owners carried off £19,719, but the lords easily beat them with an aggregate of £79,224. As showing how widely and curiously distributed was the turf gold the winning owner comprised brewers, distillers, bookmakers, professional backers of horses, a theatrical manager, an actor, an actress, stock-brokers, diamond merchants, ex-jockeys, millionaires, newspaper proprietors, trainers of racehorses, army men, a rear-admiral of the fleet, a solicitor, bankers, a hoot manufacturer, farmers, a ladies' mantle merchant and a whole host of other trades and professions, all meeting on the same common level of the turf.

### MUSKOKA.

This is the "Mecca" for the tired business man, the toiler of busy mart and street, with labor-dimmed eyes, and weary brain, and here more perfect rest and tranquility can be found than even the tired mind longs for or fancy depicts. The way to go is via the Grand Trunk Railway, the picturesque route. The Muskoka Express leaves Toronto 11.20 a.m.; dining and buffet parlor cars (meals a la carte) arriving at Muskoka Wharf 2.55 p.m. Night Express leaves Toronto 2.40 a.m. (sleepers open at 10.00 p.m.) arriving Muskoka Wharf at 6.25 a.m., connecting with fine new steamer "Sagamo" for points on Muskoka Lakes.



Sitarab

This is recent photo of Mr. Aemilius Jarvis' fine yawl, which was destroyed by fire after an explosion of the gasoline auxiliary.



# A STOLEN BATTLESHIP

By FRED. WHISHAW

WAR had not actually been declared. Indeed there were a few who still professed to believe that the differences might even now be arranged without the shedding of blood.

There is no need to enter into the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. It had begun in an alleged act of disrespect on the part of the people of Vandolia towards the Prince (hereditary) of Pegrim. This Prince Leopold it will be remembered, had been the accepted fiancé of the pretty daughter of King Guy of Vandolia, who, for her own part had other views and intentions with regard to the disposal of her fair hand, the people of her native country siding strongly with her in the matter and against the King, her father, and the Prince of Pegrim, the suitor accepted by him. Thus it was that when the Prince visited the Vandolian Court, on invitation, of course, he had the misfortune to be hooted at in the streets and to be called many offensive names, and even, it is said, to be made the target for a discharge of eggs of indifferent quality.

This unhappy incident led to diplomatic representations, and though apologies were offered these did not appear to be tendered with all the humility and sincerity considered requisite by the outraged Pegrimese.

Misunderstandings followed. Bitter correspondence occupied the wires for a few days. Then Pegrim complicated matters by suddenly demanding the settlement of a certain old-standing claim for compensation in a fishery dispute, and presented an ultimatum.

At the same time came news which greatly disquieted the brave Vandolians, who saw in this latest telegram from St. Louis, the Pegrimese capital indication of coming disaster and, it might be, ruin.

As all the world is well aware, both Vandolia and Pegrim are South Pacific States of little importance to anyone but their own rulers and population. Geographically their respective positions are, indeed, to be found upon a good map, if it be a fairly large one; but neither in territorial area nor in available revenue

is either State so considerable as to be a matter of much interest to the rest of the world.

The surprising news telegraphed most unexpectedly from St. Louis to Vando was nothing less than this, that Pegrim had purchased a first class battleship, in good condition, from the United States who, having settled matters with Spain, with some assistance from this very vessel, the Actæon, were now selling off their old stock.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed the Prime Minister at Vando, when this terrible telegram was read out to him, "where did they get the money from? They have no credit in New York, no more than we have!"

"The rascals must have negotiated a loan somewhere!" said the pale, scared clerk who had brought in the message. "I thought there must be something in the air, their conduct has of late been so very aggressive."

"I'm afraid you are right," said the Minister. "We could have held them with our fleet, but for this, and they knew it; now—"

Venuzzia did not finish his speech; natural emotions choked his utterance.

Vandolia's fleet could certainly as he declared, have accounted for that of Pegrim as it had existed up to this day; for as against the obsolete cruiser and two dangerous gunboats possessed by Pegrim there lay in Vandolia's principal harbor a fine old battleship, the Monopole (much out of date, of course, and in ill repair, but fairly seaworthy and with two enormous turrets, each provided with a stupendous gun); and besides the Monopole there were two torpedo boats, one of which had lost its torpedo tube and could therefore only be of use for the purpose of terrifying the enemy; while over and above these splendid vessels there were two which the Minister of Marine was accustomed to designate "third class cruisers." But, unfortunately, of these one was without engines, and the other was used as a hospital and prison, and was no more ready for a sudden naval campaign than its sister ship.

Naturally, all things considered,

this sudden and unexpected purchase by the rival State of a battleship of proved efficiency appeared to Venuzzia, Prime Minister of Vandolia, like the first stroke of impending doom.

The war, if it came—as it surely must—to war, would be fought upon the high seas. Neither State possessed an army, if we except a militia regiment or so, employed more for the purpose of police duty than anything else. Soldiers would be useless in a Vando-Pegrimese war, for this reason, that between the frontiers of Vandolia and Pegrim there lies a third and very much larger State, but for which geographical and providential fact of two smaller States would long since have annihilated one another like the famous cats of Kilkeny. The rulers of this third State, Campania, had, moreover, made it a matter of full knowledge to both parties concerned, that if either should request Campania to allow its troops to march through her territory in order to fly at the throat of the other, Campania would see them—well, in diplomatic language, Campania would "withhold her consent."

So, then, the war, if to war it should come between them, must be fought upon the high seas, and thus it was that Vandolia found herself suddenly confronted by a problem. On one hand was the ultimatum of Pegrim, requiring satisfaction for the fishery dispute; on the other hand lay war; and war, with the Actæon ready to sail out of harbor, fully armed and manned, would be practically over as soon as begun.

"We cannot possibly recede from our position!" said poor Venuzzia; "the honor of the nation demands that we should refuse to pay this million of dollars."

"We haven't the money, or anything like it," added the Minister of Finance.

"The ultimatum expires the day after to-morrow at 7 p.m.," said Venuzzia. "I see no way out of the difficulty; it is an *impasse*; we must inform his Majesty and learn his views upon the matter."

So to the King's palace the Cabinet repaired, and there they found his Majesty dining quietly with his

family, which consisted of the Queen and his charming daughter, Princess Angela; there was also a guest present, a German princeling, Otto von Elberhauser, a gay and gallant young man, but not at present in great favor with the King, because it was for this suitor's sake that Angela, his daughter, had elevated her nose at the Prince of Pegrim, thus directly causing the political deadlock of the present moment.

The communication which Venuzzia had to make to the royal party naturally threw the family circle into a state of gloom bordering upon despair.

"We are lost!" said the Queen, weeping into her lace handkerchief. "Yes—we are ruined—undone!" echoed his Majesty. "Oh, Angela."

To the surprise of all present Prince Otto von Elberhauser here suddenly interposed.

"Not a bit of it, your Majesty," he exclaimed quite bravely; "you are very far from ruined. War is not yet declared; there are still forty-seven hours before us; in that period much may be done!"

Prince Otto actually laughed, a circumstance which filled all present (excepting Princess Angela) with horror. It seemed a shocking thing that this person—practically the first cause of all the trouble at present confronting the State—should behave in a light and unseemly, nay, frivolous manner in the face of imminent disaster to those who were his hosts, and upon whom he had himself brought this trouble.

Does your Highness not discern," said the King gravely, but with perfect courtesy, "that these Pegrimese are minded to ruin us? It is as Venuzzia declares an *impasse*. Our exchequer is not overflowing; we cannot pay their fishery claim if we would. Therefore they will declare war upon us, as you rightly calculate, about forty-seven hours. Forty-seven hours may, in certain circumstances, be regarded as a considerable period of time; for us it is as useless as a single half hour, for we can accomplish no more towards safeguarding our country in two days than we could accomplish in two minutes. We can neither build nor procure a battleship in forty-seven hours."

"With your Majesty's pardon," smiled Otto. "that is the very point

upon which I venture to differ from your Majesty. I see no reason why we should not procure a battleship within the time stated."

King, Queen, and Cabinet gaped upon one another in bewildered silence. Was this man perpetrating a heartless and most ill-timed jest? What could he mean? Was he mad or a fool?

"His Highness jests!" murmured Venuzzia. "Battleships are not to be picked up on the high seas for the asking, neither is there any harbor within a day's sail, or two days' sail where such a vessel could at this moment be purchased by us; and if there were, there is first the treasure to be found, and—"

"His Excellence will pardon me," said Otto, "but he is wrong in his premises. I know of a battleship, as fine and magnificent a vessel as he would desire to see, and this battleship may be procured without money, and within the specified period, for she rides at anchor at this moment well within a twenty-four hours' sail, waiting, if I may say so, for us to lay claim to her."

Venuzzia glanced at his peers and at the King. Then his eyes returned to the face of Otto and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not follow his Highness!" he murmured.

"Then I will explain," laughed Otto. "The name of the harbor I refer to is St. Louis, and the vessel is the Actæon."

Had a bomb fallen in the midst of the party (to use a hackneyed expression) it could not have produced more amazement than Otto's words.

"How?—when?—I do not comprehend," muttered the old King. And Venuzzia sat with open mouth and wide eyes staring at Prince Otto and at his colleagues, but saying nothing.

"It is perfectly simple," said the German. "Here is an ultimatum; good. At 7 p.m. the day after to-morrow, this ultimatum, if still disregarded by us, becomes, *ipso facto*, a declaration of war; good again. At 7.15 of that evening Vandolia shall make the first move in the newly declared war, and that move will be the capture of the Actæon by a boat's crew of armed men, of whom I trust to be allowed to be one."

"But—" began Venuzzia, and remained silent, his mouth still open but no sound coming therefrom.

"But," echoed one or two others

of the King's bewildered advisers, "a boat's crew to seize a battleship? It is madness—it is impossible!"

"By no means," said Otto cordially. "Believe me that I speak upon particular knowledge. See, I have received a letter."

The Prince produced an envelope as he spoke, from which he drew a letter, which he laid upon the table.

"It is a letter from a friend in St. Louis," he explained. "My friend is the principal banker in the Pegrim capital. He bids me warn my kind hosts in Vandolia. 'They should be advised,' he writes, 'to accede to the terms of his Pegrimese Highness. As the friend of the Court, you would deal well by the King to counsel him to this effect, for the purchase of the Actæon is, in fact a supreme act of policy which has laid the Vandolian power at our feet. Better to pay or promise the million dollars than to see every maritime city that his Majesty possesses laid to ruins. In confidence, I may tell you that within four hours of the declaration of war—that is at eleven o'clock of the night of Wednesday—the Actæon will sail out upon her mission of devastation. Her triumph over the weakness of Vandolian resistance is certain. The Pegrimese intend to celebrate their victory beforehand, so sure are they, and justly, of their success. There is to be a great national banquet on the evening of Wednesday, when the officers and crew of the Actæon are to be the chief guests, and when they will be toasted as though already the conquering heroes which, since nothing can prevent it, they will prove within a short space of time. Oxen will be roasted whole; wine is to flow freely for all—etc., etc. From this you will realize how great, and withal how legitimate, is the confidence of the Pegrimese people in the strength of their cause, or—if you prefer it—of the armaments of the Actæon. Therefore, I say, as the friend of the Court of Vandolia, counsel them, if you can, to timely submission.'"

Prince Otto folded his letter and pocketed it. "That is the particular information," he ended. "The question is, dare you act upon it? Of course, with a crew of some six or seven hundred men, the vessel is not likely to be left absolutely empty. There must be left on board a few at least. Steam will have to be got up by these while the

(Concluded on page 17.)

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## !-? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

## The Visiting British Journalists.

TWO parties of British journalists are touring Canada. One party spent Monday of this week in Toronto, and in the short time at their disposal they saw a good deal of the city. They were taken for a drive in the morning as guests of the municipal authorities, and were entertained at luncheon at the King Edward by the Toronto Press Club. The welcome accorded them here was acknowledged by Messrs. B. McConkey, of the Belfast Telegraph; Joseph Cook, of the Sheffield Independent; and Rowley Elliston, of the Anglican Daily Times, who made brief speeches. The visitors all expressed themselves as being highly pleased with Toronto. On their drive they were particularly impressed by the beauties of Rosedale. They left in the evening for Niagara Falls, and after making a short tour of Ontario they will proceed to the West. They are being looked after by Mr. Harry Charlton, advertising agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Mr. W. J. White, inspector of United States agencies for the Dominion Government. It is the purpose of the newspapermen to visit the Maritime Provinces after their return from the West.

The members of the party are working journalists, and they are quiet and modest in appearance and demeanor. Their trip will be of immense advantage to them, as they are sure to catch something of the real Canadian spirit, even on so short a visit, and they will be able to speak understandingly of the Dominion's physical size and the size of her people's aims and prospects.

## A Canadian in Chicago.

ISAAC HARLEY BROCK, editor of The Western British American and Canadian American newspapers of Chicago, Ill., the only publications in the United States exclusively devoted to the interests of citizenship of British or Canadian origin, is a native of Newcastle, Ont., and a member of one of the old U. E. Loyalist families of the province. His great grandfather, William Brock, a refugee of the American revolution, settled in Ameliasburg in 1776. His grandfather, Capt. Samuel Brock, of Cobourg, commanded a company throughout the war from 1812 to 1815, and his correspondence contains a letter from General Sir Isaac Brock, under whom he served, written a few days before his death at Queenston Heights, maintaining relationship. His father was the late Major William Brock, of Newcastle, who commanded a loyal company in 1837, and was a magistrate of Durham county. Mr. Brock himself served as a member of the Barrie Rifles under the late Brigade-Major McKenzie, in the Fenian raid of 1866, being in the field from February 8 of that year until the middle of August.

Mr. Brock was educated for the law, but gravitated naturally into journalism. As managing editor of the Ottawa Daily Free Press in 1871 he was probably the youngest man in the profession holding such a position, which he occupied till 1879. He was engaged as editor of the Peterborough Examiner for two years, and then went to Winnipeg to become the first editor of the Daily Sun, subsequently joining The Times staff. On the collapse

of the boom he went to Grand Forks, N.D., as managing editor of The Mining Herald, where he remained about two years. After a brief connection with the staff of the Pioneer Press of St. Paul he went to Chicago and engaged for several years in the literary field as a writer of works for subscription book publishers, Granville Howe and I. N. Reid & Co. His most important work was a "History of Music," published by Howe & Desthick, which, on account of its comprehensive and concise treatment of the subject, has been adopted as a text-book in several musical institutions. A monograph on "William E. Gladstone" (1896) attracted considerable attention, as did also an essay in The Current, assailing unrestricted universal suffrage and urging mental and moral qualifications for the exercise of the franchise. For two years he edited the trade publications of the Review Publishing Company of Chicago, and has occupied his present position during the greater part of the past twelve years.

Mr. Brock is a good descriptive writer. His account of the opening of Parliament in 1773 by Lord Dufferin was copied by the New York Herald and other leading American journals, and has never been equalled. His editorial work is characterized by force, virility, and an excellent literary style, and he enjoys in a large measure the regard of the Chicago press. Mr. Brock, however, in spite of his long residence there, has never regarded Chicago as a permanent home. He is a thorough Canadian, and has never repudiated his allegiance to the flag under which he was born.

## A Theatre Story.

A FEW years ago one of the inhabitants of that mysterious region back of the proscenium in the Princess Theatre was a large cat, whom the stage hands had christened Ben. Ben was a privileged character, the pet of all the employees, although not so popular with the actors, who as a class are superstitious about cats. Indeed when the fancy took Ben he was known to stroll on the stage



during an impressive scene, and taking a look at the leading performers, stroll off with a critical and disdainful air. Sometimes he was up in the scene loft, sometimes he would curl up among the "properties," while he found diversion in slaying the rats that infested the stage yard. Sometimes, urged by the complaints of irascible stars, Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the manager, would suggest to Mr. Ferris, the chief carpenter, that he con-

trive to lose Ben. Then he would hear a lengthy tale about the virtues of the animal and what an encouragement the cat's presence was to the stage hands in their duties, with the result that in the end Ben would be permitted to continue his occupancy.

One day Mr. Sheppard chanced to stroll back on the stage and noticed a box over in one corner. He stepped over to see what it contained, and discovering that its occupant was a cat with a large family of kittens.

"Ferris!" called the manager, "what do you mean by bringing another cat around here?"

"Why, that's Ben!" was the response.

"Well, why in thunder do you call her Ben? She's got kittens!"

"Oh! we've changed the cat's name," said Ferris.

"Now it's Ben Her."

Two Curious Coincidences.

A WELL-KNOWN Montreal bookseller, who has had more than his share of trouble with some of his employees during the last year, tells of two very strange coincidences in his business.

Here is the first: A few months ago he had in his employ a young man, who disappeared one day, taking with him a full book of orders of the Dominion Express Company, which he proceeded to fill in for various amounts and to dispose of the orders at various places along his line of flight.

In course of time he was located in New York and was extradited and brought back to Montreal by the Express Company, which spared no expense to point the lesson to other would-be defaulters that they cannot steal express orders with impunity. But the bookseller had nothing to do with that, except pocket the loss. His part in the story is that as soon as the young man's disappearance was discovered he began to make investigations about the missing man's habits. Various things were discovered, but the most striking was the fact that, a few days before, the defaulter had borrowed from the shop library a volume entitled "The Prisoner At The Bar," by Train, the young man who won fame in New York as one of Jerome's assistants.

The second coincidence was equally striking. A couple of weeks ago another of the clerks, who had previously borne an unstained reputation, turned up at the store one Monday morning and, after serving about an hour or more, complained of feeling sick and asked to be "let off" for the balance of the day. The request was, of course, granted, and he left; but he never came back. Instead there was a startling denouement. Just after lunch another young man rushed into the store in a great state of excitement and asked to see the proprietor. To that gentleman he told a story which threw light upon the clerk's sickness. It appeared that the visitor and the clerk came from the same town in the Old Country, and that the former, who was a householder, took the other into his home as a "paying guest." The previous day (Sunday) he had his suspicions aroused that the clerk had been abusing his hospitality, and had laid a trap for his wife and for the boarder. They both fell into it. There was an explosion. The clerk was given a good thrashing and the erring wife was sent home to her mother. This was startling news for the bookseller who at once made up his mind that he would have to advertise for a new

clerk. But before doing so he thought he would investigate a little. Going to the desk used by the fugitive he opened it and there, right on top of a pile of papers and other material, was a volume entitled, "How to Woo and Win!"

## Lady Laurier was Late.

A LITTLE incident took place at the Central Station in Ottawa the other afternoon, which shows that human nature is very much the same and that those who occupy the seats of the mighty differ very little from other people. It had been announced the day before that Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were to leave on Friday afternoon for a few days' stay at their old home at Athabaskaville, Quebec. As a consequence, a few people who had not had the chance of seeing the Premier on the wet night of his return from Europe went down to the station to ascertain for themselves how he was looking. They found the official car attached to the Grand Trunk train for Montreal, and were rewarded about 3.20 by a sight of Sir Wilfrid himself. The Premier, who was dressed in one of his simple grey sack suits, and who wore the silver-grey fedora which he dons in midsummer when other men take to straw hats, looked "just splendid." His eye was keen; his smile was omnipresent; and the grasp of his hand as he greeted a number of old friends had about it the vigor of a man of twenty years his junior.

But there was no sign of Lady Laurier. Train time drew on and Sir Wilfrid became fidgety. Three twenty-eight came and went; so did 3.29; and finally the hour of departure arrived; but there was no Lady Laurier. The Premier went up to the gold-laced conductor, apparently asked him to hold the train for a minute or two, and then, with the vigor of a man of thirty started on a dash down the little street which runs from the station yard to Little Sussex. He had not gone more than seventy-five yards when a carriage turned the corner. It contained Lady Laurier. Sir Wilfrid turned in his tracks, caught up with the carriage, pulled open the door, and, taking hold of Lady Laurier's arm, pulled her out, shoved her along the platform with considerable vigor, bundled her on to the car steps, and then gave the signal to the conductor to go ahead. Then the train pulled out, leaving many people smiling at the incident and convinced that a husband is much the same all the world over and that it ruffles the serenity of even the Man of the Sunny Ways to have his spouse late for the train. But as the car disappeared along the track there was a twinkle in Sir Wilfrid's eye, which indicated that he appreciated the situation as much as any one else.

## Sir Gilbert as an Actor.

SIR GILBERT PARKER is evidently not entirely lacking in sense of humor after all. He told a good story against himself at the recent dinner of the New Vagabond Club of London in honor of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Sir Gilbert said that Mr. Tree had produced a play of his, and had always said since that that play would have been a success if he (Sir Gilbert) had played Louis XV. He played it twice at rehearsal, and Mr. Tree said the representation of his senility, fatuity, and fatuousness was the most inconceivably natural thing he had ever seen.

## A Woman's Mistake.

A CURIOUS illustration of how things will turn out amiss was shown a few weeks ago when a prominent citizen of a certain town in Ontario died suddenly from heart failure. There had been nothing in his previous condition to cause himself or his physician apprehension of such a tragedy; in fact he had been regarded as a man of exceptionally good health. A few weeks previous to his death he was in Toronto and discussed with the Canadian representative of one of the big New York Life Assurance Companies the taking of a policy of \$20,000 on his life as a mere matter of investment. He was favorably impressed with the terms proposed and went so far as to write out his application. He arranged to return to the city in the near future to undergo medical examination and complete the transaction. The agents of the company were naturally anxious to put through a policy of such dimensions, which promised a substantial bonus to them. Two or three times the gentleman was written to, urging him to come to Toronto and close matters. The gentleman still delayed, and one day dropped into the office of the company to explain that the reason for his delay was that his wife was not in agreement with him as to the advisability of the insurance policy as an investment. However he expected that she would come round to his way of thinking and he asked the company to keep his application on file.

Less than a fortnight later he was dead. It is the opinion of the company that he would have passed medical examination, and that but for the doubts raised by the applicant's wife the concern would now be poorer in the sum of \$20,000 and the bequest to the widow that much greater.

A LETTER written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to a correspondent who wrote to him complaining of his omission to mention Newfoundlanders in his "Song of the English" was recently published by a Canadian paper. Mr. Kipling, in his reply, says: "It is rather a large order to compress allusions to the whole of our Empire into two hundred lines of alleged verse. . . . However, when and if there is another edition of my verses, I will do my best to put in Newfoundland's voice also. . . . I will put in a four-line verse among 'The Song of the Cities' if you, on your part, will drop, and influence other people to drop, allusions to the 'loyalty' of the 'Colonies.' In the first place, I dislike the word 'Colonies,' and if you look through my verses you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial. In the second place, there is no need to talk of 'loyalty' among white men. . . . Like yourself, I am a Colonial in that I was born in Bombay, but it has never occurred to me to say that I am 'loyal,' because, like you, I am a white man, and—one can't step out of one's skin."

WHAT fills the political air of Canada now with "graft" and suspicions of "graft?" asked Prof. Goldwin Smith at the conclusion of an article in The Canadian Magazine, entitled "Party Government." What is impairing the integrity of judicial appointments and thus assailing the last stronghold of public right and purity of government? What but the necessities of party, which compel it to pay its adherents? Our people are good, but corruption will gradually work downwards. It has its instruments in party organizations and conventions, which, though the people are not aware of it, practically take the elections out of their hands. Government thus becomes standing machinery for the demoralization of the people.

## A Coming Premier of Britain

THE Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is much in the public eye just now, and it is understood that he will be the next leader of the Liberal party in England, and consequently in all probability the Premier in due time. Although Mr. Asquith's hair is white he is only fifty-five years of age, and his general appearance would lead one to suppose that he was younger. He is described as a coldly brilliant man. A writer in Current Literature says of him:

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has lost, not his faith in talk—nothing, it is said, could make him lose that—but his faith in Augustine Birrell's talk. It has been found too brilliant to be quite convincing. Mr. Birrell, say his candid critics, will never be a Prime Minister, although he will always be a prime talker. So the Liberals are to see what can be achieved with the talking of Herbert Henry Asquith. His reward, should he ever get one, is to be the leadership of the Liberal party when the somewhat enfeebled voice of the aged Sir Henry can be heard no more.

Mr. Asquith is the only political speaker in England to-day who affects the grand manner, who ventures upon what we in America would call an oration. Political Britons nowadays do not presume to "orate." They simply "talk." A few, like Mr. David Lloyd-George, who represents the Nonconformist conscience in the present ministry, do their talking fiercely, loudly. Mr. Richard Haldane, the Secretary for War, the student of Schopenhauer, Hegel and Nietzsche, talks like a perfect gentleman, conveying the impression always that he could "orate," if he did not think the thing amateurish, out-of-date, bad form. The Prime Minister himself shouts until he is hoarse and has to get his throat sprayed. John Burns, the first workman to hold cabinet rank in England, has



HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

too harsh a voice and too prosaic a vocabulary for anything but sober speaking. John Morley talks icily to the intellect and remains ever unexcited and unexciting. But every quality which all these men lack Augustine Birrell has in superabundance. His hearers think less of what he says than of the brilliant way in which he says it. Thus has it come about that the talkers and writers of whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a ministry have one by one been reduced to mortifying silence. It is now Mr. Asquith's turn.

Unfortunately for Mr. Asquith, he has all the capacity of the practical and sensible man for making himself unpopular. The outlines of his character are clean-cut and straight. Candor and simplicity are his extremes, forcing him into those contests with his colleagues in the ministry in which a superlative intellect assures him the victory at the expense of his popularity. "He is one of the dominant personalities of the House of Commons," says the London Mail. "He compels attention. With the silver hair surmounting his mobile, youthful face, with his strong full voice and his air of invincible confidence, he impresses his hearers with a sense of his power and intellectuality. One feels that his facts are inevitable, and that to contradict him would be an audacity." Mr. Asquith is accused of feeling it himself. He can not, as was said in the beginning, disagree gracefully. The art of compromise is not his gift. His is the fault, we are told, if the Irish are to-day in open rebellion against the ministry, from which a practical form of Home Rule was so confidently and so vainly expected. His will be the fault, we are likewise assured, if the growing tension between the Government and its radical labor supporters ends in open war. To follow the lead of another study of his temperament in the London Standard, he is a persuasive man. "He is a polished man. But he has the grand defect of so many brilliant Oxford men. He lacks that sympathy with the half-educated mind that can alone equip a leader for control of political situations in a democratic age. He convinces all his audiences and moves none. But in a London drawing-room, surrounded by men and women of rank and fashion, where he is the most elegant person in the company, he can talk art, which is one of his passions, or hold forth on golf, a sport to which he is devoted, or settle a difficult point in heraldry, into all the mysteries of which he has long been initiated. As far back as 1895 the leaders of the Liberal party considered long and carefully the promotion of Asquith to supreme eminence within their ranks. Lord Rosebery's prestige had sunk low. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's star had not yet risen. Mr. John Morley had proved hopeless in any inspirational political sense. Sir William Harcourt lacked genius. Asquith had the necessary intellect, the indispensable genius, the sober business head, the insight into complicated administrative problems and the irresistible power of logic that would put the party in possession of the strongest arguments for any practical line of policy. He was a gentleman and a scholar and an orator. But, as the well-informed Standard explains, the party dared not take the risk. Asquith could neither compromise nor let others do so.

The lesson of his failures in the past, as it is pointed out in the London M. A. P., can only be that hardness and coldness of manner, should be avoided by men who would succeed brilliantly. If Mr. Asquith will but appeal to sentiment and emotion he will infallibly be Prime Minister.



## A STUDY IN CHROME



BY C. FREDERICK PAUL

HOW John Chew came to attach himself to that particular outfit was never quite clear. Further how he managed to stay along was even more of an enigma, for Alberta contained within its borders no wilder set of cow punchers than set themselves down at Bow River Ranch that autumn and winter of '90 and '91.

The boys were there for the purpose of tending the wants of McNamara's likely herd, accounted one of the best in the whole territory, and John was cook and general housekeeper. The Chinaman was addressed ordinarily as Chew for the name appeared to fit in fairly well with his occupations, and it answered the purpose right enough, which after all was the main thing. When a man struck into that western country in the old days he did not bring along his family bible and his birth certificate. Names, Christian or Chink, were of little moment.

If Chew was sleepy and unsophisticated when first he came to Bow River Ranch, fresh from his faraway Canton home, that day had passed and gone. Experience had taught him many things. For instance, he could judge McNamara's condition to a nicety when that individual loomed in sight on his favorite brown gelding after a day at Calgary. Mack, as he was known among the boys, was boss and part owner, and under ordinary conditions displayed a fairly even temper, but given his limit of whiskey and he was uglier than any red Indian in the territory. Under such circumstances it was always safe for Chew to bury himself in the cook house until time to serve grub. Then, when Mack did yell for his supper the particular instant had arrived for the Chink to conduct himself like a two-year-old.

But Mack's fighting load was only accumulated at rare intervals, while the lariat in the playful and practiced hands of the boys was ever ready. As a consequence John had been roped more times than any old steer on the range. The Chink learned that it was never well to walk between the shanty and the cook house without following their movements out of the tail of his eye. But a crisis came at last. One day Routh roped Chew at a moment when that worthy had within his grasp the sum total of the evening meal, the consequence being so disastrous that the boss posted up a sign which read:

"It is forbidden to monkey with the Chink at grub time."

"Peter McNamara."

John Chew was seen to gaze with curious eyes upon this placard, nailed conspicuously to the shanty door, and the boys often wondered if the Chink connected it with his sudden deliverance, for no one ever told him what it meant.

With one exception there was not a man in the party who did not hold John Chew in utter contempt, and not worthy of a second thought under any circumstances. That man was English Joe. Now Joe had many notions which seemed peculiar to that crowd, and among them was the fact that he was often amused and sometimes interested in this silent son of the East.

One evening in the early autumn English leaned back idly in his chair watching Chew complete the last of his day's task, expecting every moment to hear the soft "Good light," for John, being placed in the same category as "Injuns," had a bunk in the cook house, and retired there as soon as his work was over.

"I wonder what he's thinking about?" remarked English, as his eyes studied Chew's placid face intently.

"Who, the Chink?" responded Mack, busily engaged in a game of solitaire. "What's the matter with you Joe—dreaming? That Chinaman never had an idea further away than his next month's pay, which is too d—n much anyhow. You sit and dream and then think every one else is doing the same thing," concluded Mack as he gathered up the cards for a new try at the game.

A smile puckered up the corners of Joe's mouth, and he murmured half aloud, "Well perhaps." But the tone was not conclusive.

McNamara, a born product of the great West, did not pretend to understand his companion, though they had been friends for some years—ever since the day that Joe had ridden in to the round-up where Mack was foreman, and asked for a job. There was something taking about the cool, tall, negligent cuss; at least Mack took to him, and he didn't often go wrong in sizing up a two or a four legged critter. The stranger's clothes and accent were both of foreign cut, and when asked what he might be called replied, "Joe." That night the boys dubbed him English, and thereafter in the West he was known as English Joe.

Joe could ride from the first, though he used too short a stirrup according to western ideas. Later he learned the ways of the cattle, the use of the rope, and all the rest which went to make up the requirements of a man of the plains.

When they were at Calgary together one day, Joe and Mack, an inquisitive Easterner, thirsting for information, wished to know who English was and where he hailed from.

In way of reply Mack cocked his head to one side, looked the questioner over carefully, both up and down, and drawled:

"Well, stranger, I've known English Joe for some years now. We've been on the range together. We've rode together for days, and camped together out under the skies; and one time we fought together when they tried to cut out some of the cattle in Wyoming, but I never

asked Joe that question, it being none of my d—n business. Perhaps you'd better try!"

While English Joe did not threaten to shoot the head off the Chink at least once in twenty-four hours, and state in language, both pointed and picturesque, that if Chew did or didn't do this or that he would get his yellow neck twisted off his yellow body, this cow puncher, who knew something of Homer and read Keats, and who went so far as to strike off a couplet himself occasionally, was not inclined to handle John Chew with kid gloves. At the same time he appeared to take some interest in the lonely critter. He taught Chew some English, which was of the usual pigeon variety, and at the same time picked up a generous sprinkling of the Chinese lingo, all the words of which to the rest of the boys appeared to sound so very much alike.

In his quiet Chinese fashion Chew strove to emulate his western brothers. Upon occasions he would mount some mild mannered horse, and ride about in the immediate neighborhood of the stables, but when the boys discovered that the Chink aspired to equestrian honors, there was fun.

For weeks afterwards those cow punchers would grin at the remembrance of Chew upon the back of that half wild cayuse, made wilder still by the goodly sized pebble which one of them had sneaked under the cinch when the saddle was put in place. Mack swore that the Chink had forty legs for he had seen them all at one time.

The winter of '90 and '91 proved mild. Old timers said they had seen nothing like it in the territory. The cattle had suffered not at all, and up to that Sunday in March there had been no storms to speak of.

It was the turn of Joe and Routh to ride down the river bottom some miles below and look after a bunch of cattle wintering there. Routh had sprained his ankle, so one of the other boys volunteered to go along, but Joe said that it was not worth while. He could do all that was required and be back again by four in the afternoon or even earlier, and taking a man away would leave only three in camp—the Chink not being taken into the calculation—and this would spoil the regular Sunday poker game. For while Routh could not ride a horse with any degree of comfort he could sit and play cards with the best of them.

The day broke bright and warm for so early in the year. There was just a gentle springlike breeze blowing, and no snow to speak of.

After breakfast Joe saddled up and galloped away, not ill pleased to have his lungs filled with the fresh air; and the big black mare appeared to enjoy it also, for she too had been leading a lazy life of late.

By the time Chew had the breakfast dishes cleared away and the room tidied up a bit, Mack's Sunday toilet, which consisted of a careful shave and a change from one blue shirt to another, was complete. The cards were produced and the game proceeded until interrupted by the midday meal. Then it went on as before, until some one mentioned that the shack was getting cold. Ward put a stick of wood on the fire, took a look out of doors and returned with the announcement that it was getting thundering cold, and that the wind appeared to have shifted into the north.

I don't like the look of that," said McNamara, laying down his hand and watching through the window the few flakes of snow which came quietly and lazily down.

"Half past two," he added. "Joe should be on his way back, and if he knows the signs out here, he'll hit that trail for all there is in the mare. We are in for a Norther if I know my way about."

There was a sudden lack of interest in the poker game. Aleck Ward saw in a hazy sort of way that a pat flush had been dealt him just before Mack spoke, but it didn't seem to take hold somehow.

Chew had arrived with more wood and was stirring the fire. Gregory hunted up an old horse blanket and kicked it into the crack under the door, while Mack stood with his hands behind him, and his feet well apart, gazing out of the window into the storm.

The wind howled. The snow was blinding. "If Joe has struck the creek he should be able to find his way, particularly if he gives the mare her head," muttered McNamara, half to himself.

The Chink poked the fire and listened. The thin clothing which English was wearing came to Mack's mind, and he shivered at the thought.

Ward opened the door and took a look about, and as he did so the biting blast reached inward and swept the cards from the table. There was nothing in sight out there save the whirling, blinding snow.

Mack looked at his watch. Three o'clock, and it was almost pitch dark outside. He stepped back into the corner of the living room. Amid blankets, saddles, an extra cinch or two and a general assortment of clothing, he laid bare a heavy grey woollen shirt which he proceeded to put on over the blue one. Next he kicked off his boots, put on an extra pair of socks and over them moccasins. To this outfit he added a heavy elk skin coat, much the worse for wear. Then came a cap, and as he started for the door he drew on a pair of gauntlet gloves.

The boys followed Mack's movements curiously for a moment, and then without so much as a word proceeded to follow his example. So when the boss started for the stable they were all close on his heels.

It was with some difficulty they reached the horses, for though the stable was only a few rods from the shanty,

a man might well have lost himself in his own door yard that day.

"Anybody seen Chew in the last half hour?" asked McNamara, when they had all assembled in the stable and were busy saddling up.

As he spoke Mack pointed to a vacant place usually occupied by his sore horse.

"Well, I'll be d—d," muttered Crow Gregory, the oldest of the party, and a man with some Indian blood in his veins.

For the first time apparently Mack noticed that Routh had limped out and was saddled up like the rest.

Mack looked over him a moment in the light of the lantern and remarked: "You ain't fit to ride. We can find him all right without you."

"Sure we can," was the echo from the other two.

Routh's jaw set, and he muttered: "Like hell I'll stay, and even the Chink's gone."

At the stable door Mack turned: "There aint no use trying to talk out in that Norther, so mind that I'm telling you now. We'll spread out and follow down the creek bottom. It's the only bit of ground a man has a chance to locate and keep in this storm. Don't spread out too far or by the Almighty you won't be here to the next round up. If you lose your bearings trust to the nags; they'll have more sense than you will in this going. If you find anything don't be afraid of making a noise."

Mack closed his square cut mouth, holding out a gloved hand to Gregory who stood next. Both had faced Northers before.

Ward gave Routh a hand into the saddle in consideration of the wounded ankle, remarking as he did so: "Shake, for this is no holiday journey and you're a fool to go."

The light which gleamed from the window of the untenanted cabin was in a moment lost to view, as the four horsemen slowly made their way down the slope to where the creek ran. Each bent to the storm and the horses carried their heads as low as the bridle reins would allow. Then they began to spread out, each man taking, so far as he could judge, the proper distance and the right direction, but no mortal could be sure of either.

On they plunged into the blinding snow, the wind eating into their very vitals, while the horses shivered and then neighed, and would turn back but for the steadying rein.

A mile. It seemed a hundred. The cold thrust at the feet and hands until there was no feeling in either. They had seen storms before, but none like that.

It was in the second mile. To the ears of Ward there came a faint hello. It was almost at his feet, for the horse shied and then neighed.

Out of the darkness loomed the form of Mack's sore, and beside her, almost under the animal's feet, was John Chew and with him English Joe.

A mighty yell from Ward split the air as he bounded from the saddle. The positions of the two men told the tale, for neither could speak. English was lying prostrate on the snow, wound up in the blanket which Chew had brought along. Close up against the muffled figure lay the Chink with no covering save what he had ridden out in.

To Ward that faint hello appeared a last effort, for Chew had lapsed into unconsciousness. As for English he was on the border land—another hour and the Norther would have done its work.

Ward's signal had been heard and repeated, and soon the other horsemen, one by one, came out of the snow and the darkness.

Mack's flask was produced on the instant. A trifle was forced down the throats of the two prostrate men and then it went round—a generous mouthful for each.

Mack stood English up in front of him as he might a saddle bag. Chew was loaded in front of Gregory, who had the next strongest horse, in much the same manner, and the party started to beat its way back against that heartless, bitter wind.

An hour later the four men were working as they never had before, two over the Chink and two over Joe. At last there was an exclamation from Crow Gregory, who straightened out his tired back and wiped his damp forehead: "No use, Mack; the Chink's a gone one. We've done what we could, but he's froze clean through."

Then for the first time Chew opened his eyes and his lips and Crow, as he bent forward, could just hear: "Cow punch no hate Chew now?"

And the Chink went to his ancestors.

When English Joe was well enough he told the boys how he had fought against that Norther: how just as he was losing consciousness and was toppling from the saddle the Chinaman loomed in view. This was all he remembered.

Crow Gregory and Ward gathered the stones which were piled upon that shallow grave, and Mack made a few remarks by way of a funeral service, concluding: "I never seen a whiter man than that Chinaman was. If I knew his lingo and where he came from I'd write his people, telling 'em all about it, and what we think of him over here in Alberta."

"Amen," said the rest.

## The King and Queen of Portugal.

From Current Literature.

CENSORSHIP of all despatches to foreign newspapers, forcible closing of universities, the midnight arrest of objectionable political leaders and a rigorous suppression of too critical dailies render it extremely difficult for Europe to ascertain whether or not the King of Portugal is likely soon to lose his throne. Nearly fourteen months have gone by since the Prime Minister, Senhor Joao Franco, assuming office as the head of a "liberal" government, undertook to rule the country without a parliament.

Had his Majesty not supported his energetic Prime Minister loyally, the dictatorship of the past fourteen months would have ended long ago. The King's attitude puzzles European dailies greatly, as Dom Carlos has long been considered one of the "intellectuals" of the age. The Queen of Portugal has the honor of being the only royal doctor of medicine in Europe, and the King is even more famous with pen and brush. The literature of his dominions has been solidly enriched by his translation of Shakespeare. He has published an important work on oceanology, embodying, says the London News, which sets forth the facts, the results of his Majesty's own deep-sea investigations along the coast of Portugal. Then, too, Dom Carlos, one of the original admirers of Rodin, is a sculptor of something more than ability—talent, say many, genius, say a few. He sent one of his works to the fine arts section of the Paris Exhibition. It was a canvas, not a statue, and depicted the tunny fisheries of Argave. It was awarded a silver medal of the second class before the identity of the artist became known to the judges. Had the secret not been well kept, suggests the Paris Figaro, the picture might have won a gold medal. Later Dom Carlos sent to a postal picture card exhibit four specimens sketched in water color by his own hand. This time each picture bore the royal signature: "Carlos Braganza." His Majesty has always affected the liberalism of aesthetic rulers. As a literary man he opposes, he has said, all interference with freedom of the press. But his Prime Minister is suppressing dailies right and left.

It is affirmed of the Queen of Portugal that she took up the study of therapeutics in order to qualify herself as the King's physician. He is a tall, burly being, pre-eminent among the royalties of Europe for the celerity with which his girth expands and for the delight he finds in devouring big dinners. When one court physician advised his Majesty to eat less, the King dismissed him. The Queen, having received her diploma, began to practice by devising a diet for Dom Carlos. There is said to have been much domestic infelicity in consequence of her Majesty's experiments. When the King can stand his wife's diet no longer, he visits some foreign court where the dinners in his honor are certain to be big. While at Hatfield as the guest of the late Lord Salisbury, the King was asked what impressed him most in England. "Roast beef," he replied. "Anything else?" "Yes," replied the King, "boiled beef." This anecdote is maliciously revived now as the clue to that hold over him by his Prime Minister which so surprises Europe. Dom Carlos, we are assured, is so well fed by the dictator, with whom he dines regularly, that the crisis may be long of solution.

Curious as has been the opposition of politicians, effervescent as have been students in hanging effigies disrespectfully inflated to suggest the King's corpulence, Senhor Franco might have gone on as dictator indefinitely, suspects the Independence Belge (Brussels), had it not been for a revival of the question of the succession to the throne. Portugal has been through years of civil war over this matter before. When Senhor Franco proved, by his indefinite tenure of office, that Dom Carlos was with him, the well-known pretender to the throne of Portugal, Dom Miguel de Braganza, became of first-class importance to the opposition in Lisbon.

It was proposed to make a military man of Whistler; but he could never make good at the Academy at West Point. Some years before his death Whistler met a West Pointer in London whom he entertained. The two fell to talking of the Academy, when the visitor expressed his regret that Whistler had not graduated and served. "Yes," rejoined the artist; "too bad, wasn't it? And such a little thing, too! If silicon had been a gas I should have been a soldier!"



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FISH MEALSserved daily at Sunnyside and  
the Humber. For particulars call  
up PARK 905 or 328Frost.—Don't you yearn for an  
air-ship?Snow.—No. They're of no earthly  
use.—Harper's Weekly.Two Touches of  
Human NatureAn Incident Which Shows the Character  
of the Canadian Indian Unspoiled by  
Contact With the White Man.MADE a trip into the north of  
Canada a few weeks ago with a  
very interesting and reliable  
man, says a writer in the July  
number of Rod and Gun and  
Motor Sports in Canada. He had  
been on the original surveys for the  
Canadian Pacific Railway, or rather  
the proposed Canadian Pacific Rail-  
way, as that company did not then  
exist.Those surveys were made in 1874.  
Among the incidents which he re-  
lated and which remain in my mind,  
was one of a man prospecting for  
gold in the Yellow Head Pass coun-  
try. The man found gold in very  
great quantities, and tempted by the  
desire to bring out as much as pos-  
sible, he stayed until he ran out both  
of provisions and ammunition and  
then started for the nearest Hudson's  
Bay Post. He arrived at the Hud-  
son's Bay Company Post almost starv-  
ed to death and was able to tell of his  
find and something about where he  
had found it, and then, although well  
cared for by the Hudson's Bay Com-  
pany's officers, he died shortly after  
his arrival. The gold he had with  
him went to the Hudson's Bay Com-  
pany. Many have looked for his gold  
deposit without finding it. The gen-  
tleman who told me that story is now  
a mining engineer.He also told me of an incident with  
a Stoney Indian at the time he ar-  
rived among them in 1874. In the  
month of March the survey party was  
rather short of provisions. The chief  
of the Stoney came to the surveying  
camp and said they too were out of  
provisions and that his son was sick.  
My friend asked the particulars of the  
illness and treated the sick boy out  
of the camp medicine chest and gave  
them some food. The treatment was  
successful. The survey party went  
on and forgot all about the matter.Later on they started for an eight  
or nine months' trip. They stayed  
away twenty-seven months, till they  
in their turn were out of provisions  
and started back in a very bad con-  
dition. They had no tents. They  
were as bad as the Stoney had been  
when they found them in the month  
of March nearly three years before.  
When they arrived at the Stoney In-  
dians' camp they found them most  
friendly, though they did not know  
any of them. The Indians had just  
killed a large moose. The Indians  
brought them near the fire where they  
were cooking the moose. The mode  
of cooking was as follows: The In-  
dians drove a long pointed stick  
through a quarter of moose from end  
to end, put one end of the stick in  
the ground and the other was fast-  
ened to a cross stick above so as to  
enable them to turn it around close  
to a hot fire. The Indians' plan  
worked very well. The cooking was  
a savory sight. They placed dishes  
on the ground directly under the  
moose. The members of the survey-  
ing party were invited to come up  
and help themselves, which invitation  
they accepted without hesitation and  
all pronounced the meat delicious.  
The Indians made them take a supply  
with them when they departed. My  
friend did not know that the boy he  
had treated was in the party. The  
party of surveyors camped sixteen  
miles away from the Indians that  
night. Before darkness an Indian ar-  
rived carrying three beaver's tails, a  
moose nose and other delicacies. He  
was the chief, the sick boy's father.  
That Indian had walked sixteen miles  
in following the party to prove his  
gratitude for past favors.This is a type of the Indian who  
has not been spoiled by contact with  
the white man, who cheats and de-  
spises him and finally makes the In-  
dian like himself, robbing him both  
of his truthfulness and self respect.A correspondent of Rod and Gun  
in Canada writes as follows, regard-  
ing the difficulty experienced by many  
in distinguishing between maskinonge  
and pike: I may say that pike and  
maskinonge may be distinguished in  
more ways than by their jumping propen-  
sities.First, the markings of the two fish  
are very different. The darker spots  
on the maskinonge are clearly cut and  
distinct from the general color, or  
violet hue of the fish, while those of  
the pike are not so; the spots on this  
fish are not so distinct, but the color-  
ing of the spots blend into the general  
color with a yellowish tinge.Second, the flesh of the maskinonge  
is almost of a white transparent color,  
while that of the pike is of a darker  
yellowish color.Third, the head of the maskinonge  
is always of a more uniform shape  
than that of the pike. Any person  
who has ever looked at the under  
jaws of these two near relatives may  
distinguish them at once. The under

A SPECIALIST.

Mistress.—"Bridget, have you cemented the handle on to the water-  
jug which you dropped yesterday?"  
Bridget.—"I started to, mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the  
cement bottle."—Punch.jaw of the maskinonge is oval, or  
nearly oval in shape, while that of the  
pike is almost elliptical. The cheeks  
of the pike are scaly and the gill  
covers bare of scales. The lower  
half of the cheeks as well as the gill  
covers are bare of scales in the  
maskinonge.Fourth, they may be known from  
one another by their "jumping" qual-  
ities, for the pike is a sluggish fellow,  
while the maskinonge is a most elus-  
tic fish. I am inclined to think that  
our friends from Pennsylvania have  
been catching either all maskinonge  
or all pike, more probably the latter,  
as I think any person who had seen  
the two fish together would be able  
to tell them apart.

## The Shepherdess.

If I could choose my path of life  
From out this world of tangled  
ways,  
I think I'd sooner live and tend  
A little flock of all the days.Upon the bluest hills that are  
The fairy hills of Dreams Come  
True.I, shepherdess, would tend the flock,  
My bread a rose, my cup the dew.And all the timid days of May,  
The blustering days of Winter  
weather,The burning days of August time  
Would wander wide with me  
together.And ere the sun made silver lace  
Upon the pillow of the sky,  
I'd call a little day to me,  
And kiss its mouth—and say,  
"Good-bye."And to the world that lay so far  
Away from those my pastures blue,  
Each morn I'd send another one  
From those dear hills of Dreams  
Come True.And as the weeks crept slowly by,  
And as the months went drifting  
on,  
I, shepherdess, upon the hills,  
Would find my flock was nearly  
gone.And then when there were fewer  
still—  
Perhaps just only two or three—  
My ravished flock upon the hills  
Would be exceeding dear to me.When one December day was left,  
A little day of grief and snow,  
I'd place my kiss upon its brow,  
My last farewell—and bid it go.Then would I quietly creep away  
Behind the sunset's amber rays,  
To dream how I had tended well  
My little flock of all the days.  
—Archibald Sullivan, in The Smart  
Set."How do you manage here without  
a doctor within ten miles?" Suppose  
somebody is taken ill?""Sure, we'd just give him a glass  
of whisky, sor!"

"And if that did no good?"

"Then we'd give him another!"

"But suppose that had no result?"

"Bedad, then, we'd know he wasn't  
worth troublin' about."—Tit-Bits.The age of chivalry has gone; that  
of the chauffeur has succeeded.—Life.

## Life's Little Problems.

IN the depths of a green and mossy  
garden there stood a marble  
statue of Love, with long wings and  
blinded eyes; and thither, on the  
morning of a day in spring, came a  
girl who laid a cluster of apple bloss-  
oms upon the pedestal and knelt be-  
fore it as an altar."Love," she whispered, "grant my  
prayer? There is only one man in  
the world, and I long for his affec-  
tion. My radiant eyes are just open-  
ing with delight upon the joys of  
earth; and my heart holds no image  
but his. I can bring him youth and  
high spirits and a first love. Think  
of that! The wonder and the ecstasy  
of a first love!"The other woman came across the  
garden in the golden noon and  
paused beside the statue. When she  
saw the apple blossoms she unfast-  
ened the splendid red roses from her  
bosom and laid them also upon the  
pedestal."So she has been here, too," she  
murmured. "Kind Love, I admit all  
that the apple blossoms say. Youth,  
spring, time, the untried heart. And  
I—look well, Love. There is gray  
in my hair, there are lines on my face  
and the shadows of tears in my eyes.  
But—those lines came when I was  
learning the great lesson of forgiving  
and forgetting all things; these  
strands of gray when I awoke to the  
knowledge that 'When the gods arrive  
the half gods go'; these shadows of  
unshed tears when I learned to know  
Pain as an angel. I have for the  
only man in the world charm, con-  
geniality, sympathy; not a first unre-  
solving love, no; but the heart which  
has given much receives more. Ah,  
whisper to his heart for me, Love?"The one man in the world walked  
in the garden at sunset and he, too,  
lingered beside the statue. Then he  
smiled, for he saw the apple blossoms  
and the red roses and he knew their  
message. And he stretched out his  
hand and took—the roses or the apple  
blossoms? Which? Do you know?  
—Mrs. Wilson Woodrowe, in Life.

## CANADA'S INDUSTRIALS.

MORE OF THEM SHOULD BE LISTED  
FOR CONVENIENCE OF INVESTORS.

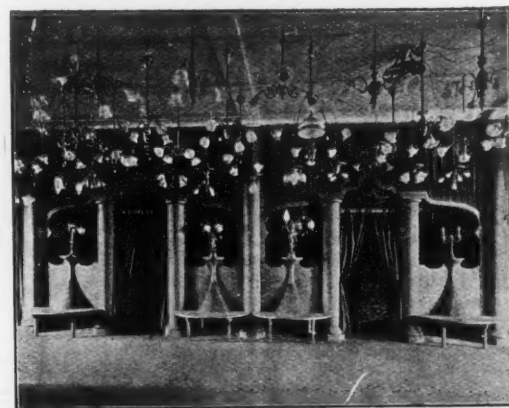
(Montreal Herald.)

Complaint has been made that few  
of the Canadian industrial or manu-  
facturing stocks are listed on the mar-  
ket. In the United States many of  
the best enterprises offer a freer op-  
portunity for investors. Naturally the  
banks profit by the Canadian system,  
for they get cheap money and loan it  
to the manufacturing concerns at a  
large profit.Many people who could get 7 per  
cent. for their money in such sub-  
stantial stocks as Slater preferred or  
Dunlop preferred, now carry money in  
the banks and only get 3 per cent. for  
it.Canadian industrials have reached  
the point where they offer the safest  
and most lucrative investment.The latest society fashion in Eng-  
land is a sort of lorgnette without  
glasses, known as the Maisette eye  
shade. The Maisette, which made its  
first appearance on the lawn at As-  
cot, has sprung widely into popular-  
ity among ladies who are constantly  
attending outdoor functions, as it not

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EMOLLIENT.

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only shields the eyes from the rays  
of the sun, but enables women to do  
away with their parasols. The new  
eye shade is supported by a long  
handle in the same manner as the  
lorgnette, and comes out horizontally  
from the forehead for three inches,  
being lined with a delicate shade of  
green silk underneath. It is finding  
great favor also among men, as it  
can be folded into a convenient size  
for the vest pocket. The shade used  
by Queen Alexandra is made of pure  
tortoise shell.



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"Have you sold your country villa yet?"  
"No; I'm not going to sell it now."  
"How's that?"  
"Well, I gave instructions to an agent to advertise it for sale, and the description he wrote of it was so enchanting that I couldn't make up my mind to part with it."—Pele-Mele.

## The Point of View

Some Questions to Consider During a Quiet Half Hour.

BEAU BRUMMELL is celebrated in a recent book as the inventor of modern dress. "He it was," declares Dion Clayton Calthrop in his book on "English Costume," "who raised the level of dress from the slovenly, dirty linen, the greasy hair, the filthy neck-cloth, the crumpled collar, to a position, ever since held by Englishmen, of quiet, unobtrusive cleanliness, decent linen, an abhorrence of striking forms of dress. He made clean linen and washing daily a part of English life."

"See him seated before his dressing-glass, a mahogany-framed sliding cheval glass with brass arms on either side for candles. By his side is George IV. recovering from his drunken bout of last night. The beau's glass reflects his clean-complexioned face, his grey eyes, his light brown hair, and sandy whiskers. A servant produces a shirt with a 12-inch collar fixed to it, assists the beau into it, arranges it, and stands aside. The collar nearly hides the beau's face."

"Now, with his hand protected with a discarded shirt, he folds his collar down to the required height. Now he takes his white stock and folds it carefully around the collar; the stock is a foot high and slightly starched. A supreme moment of artistic decision, and the stock and collar take their perfect creases. In an hour or so he will be ready to partake of a light meal with the royal gentleman. He will stand up and survey himself in his morning dress, his regular, quiet suit. A blue coat, light breeches fitting the leg well, a light waistcoat of some other color, never a startling contrast, Hessian boots or top-boots, and buckskins."

"There was nothing very peculiar about his clothes except, as Lord Byron said, 'an exquisite propriety.' His evening dress was a blue coat, white waistcoat, black trousers buttoned at the ankle—these were of his own invention, and one may say it was the wearing of them that made trousers more popular than knee-breeches—striped silk stockings, and a white stock."

A FIRST-TERM cadet was strolling in the grounds of the Royal Naval College recently when he was met by a fourth-term cadet, who, noticing that the younger boy was fresh to the place, spoke to him.

"Hallo," he said "you a first term?"  
"Yes," added the new boy.  
"What's your name?"  
"Edward."

"Edward what? Haven't you got any other name? What's your full name?"  
"Edward of Wales."

The elder boy whistled.  
"Oh," he said, "you're the chap, are you?" and he walked on.  
There is no snobbish spirit at the Royal Naval College, and princes are judged by their personal merits alone, says an English writer. Indeed, Prince Edward of Wales, manly little fellow that he is, is under the disadvantage of having to encounter lads who shrink from the suspicion of favoritism toward a highly-placed school fellow. That Prince Edward is accorded no special favor is demonstrated by the fact that many of the 400 cadets in the college do not even know him.

Prince Edward, it is declared, is just a typical cadet among cadets, fighting the battles every boy has in school life and enjoying himself greatly the while. He dropped into the ways of the school very quickly, and from the first showed a hearty enjoyment of the cup of cocoa and the biscuits with which, soon after half-past six, the cadets start the day. He early became an adept in the rush for meals at the sound of the bugle, and then when the bugle sounds they leave their lessons and go at the double for the dining hall. Prince Edward, as becomes a lusty boy, is often in the van.

It is regarded by the college authorities the highest commendation of him that he is just an ordinary cadet. Only once was he guilty of a boyish informality, and it was in his first days, and on an occasion that would try the heart of any school boy away from home.

An official was taking him around the engineering shop, explaining some of the things that he would have to learn in the future when news came that his father, the Prince of Wales, was in the college. Prince Edward forgot the official, forgot the machin-

ery and fled as fast as his legs could carry him to see his parent.

During his first weeks at the college one of his most exciting experiences was a visit to the Dreadnaught. He, together with a number of the other cadets, was taken out to the great warship and the party was conducted over her as an interesting lesson. That was only an incident in the full life he shares with his school fellows. He begins his studies at 7 in the morning; he leaves off at 8.15 at night. Between those times are wedged in two or three hours of recreation. Work is further lightened by two half holidays a week.

Prince Edward is very fond of cricket, and those who have seen him play say that he has the makings of a good wicket keeper. A rumor spread over Cowes a few days ago that he was suffering from a black eye as the result of a blow from a cricket ball. Cowes jumped to the conclusion that Prince Edward had been through his first fight. Even now that the officers at the college absolutely deny that the prince had a black eye at all, a good many people shake their heads and express the opinion that he is a "manly boy and not to be put upon."

AN ingenious engineer has been at some pains to discover what it costs the aristocratic young Englishman to protect himself against the elements. It must not, of course, be supposed that all aristocrats dress well in England any more than they do in America. Mr. Gladstone, for example, was notorious for his shabby clothes, while his great opponent Lord Salisbury was once excluded from the inclosure at Ascot by an over-zealous official, who very naturally mistook him for a tramp.

But the gilded youth, the male butterfly, certainly knows how to spend money in clothing, and he does it with a will. At any hour in the afternoon one may meet men in Bond street or Piccadilly who spend far more on their dress than does the king, and who give the subject far more thought—if indeed that word may be so far profaned.

To begin with, the gilded British youth will spend \$500 a year for his underclothing, and it must be remembered all the way through that these figures represent an amount nearly their double in America, where clothing is so much more expensive. His neckties and gloves will cost him about \$150 a year, and his tailor's bill will be a moderate one if it does not run to about \$1,500. This will include three riding suits at \$40, six lounge suits at \$35, six flannel suits at \$25, twelve pairs of trousers at \$6, six dress suits at \$75, and a whole host of odds and ends, such as fancy waistcoats, motorcoats, overcoats and waterproofs. Hats, boots and sundries will run away with \$350 a year, and then there will be sundries and jewelry, to which of course there need be no limit at all. When we remember that the butterfly's sister or sweetheart—if, indeed, he possesses anything quite so common as a sweetheart—will spend about twice as much for dress as he himself, it is easy to see where the money goes.

To do him justice, he does not spend very much on jewelry, as anything of a showy or flashy nature is considered bad form. But in the matter of waistcoat buttons he allows himself a special extravagance. He will probably have three sets for white waistcoats and two for fancy waistcoats. Sometimes three sets are of turquoise, and they may cost \$1,000 a set. Those worn by day are of a quieter kind and will cost perhaps from \$5 to \$10 a set. Studs are another expensive item, because they have so much of what has been called the innate cussedness of inanimate objects, and so frequently get lost. The well-dressed man favors pearls for his studs, and a set of these will run from \$10 up to \$500, according to size and quality.

A WRITER in the Pall Mall Magazine, dealing with the question of woman's sense of honor, says: A well known American writer said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women."

Discipline in the former is child's play compared with the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait-jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner!"

In the matter of conduct towards husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that a man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human—except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently admitted, no doubt, yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence, which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who in a fit of rage or jealousy had killed a man. In relating to me the case the philanthropist concluded sadly, "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"—Pall Mall Magazine.

### Lyric Life.

O do not ask me what I deem  
Of all that men have said, or done;  
I will but sing you of a Dream  
In which I walk—with which am  
one.

'Tis full of loveliness and fears,  
Of griefs that have the face of joy,  
Of joy that hath no word but tears;  
And bold is it—and passing coy!

Mine, even from my earliest days,  
When I stepped softly forth at  
morn,  
And breathless, trod in garden-  
ways,  
Midst sister blossoms—later-born.

Mine, even yet, when I can lean,  
And hear the sighing souls of  
flowers  
That reach their paradise, unseen—  
Where, too, went my lost Morning  
Hours!

This Dream, that carries me along,  
By Music is, itself, impelled:  
Upon my lips there is no song  
But is by Under-Song upheld!

So, do not ask me what I deem  
Of all that ye may say, or do:  
Before your eyes I wave the Dream—  
And ye shall see that It is true!

It hath not failed me, young or old,  
More secrets of Man's heart to  
show,  
Than all your sages can unfold,  
Or they that shepherd souls may  
know.

—Edith M. Thomas in The Smart Set.

### CIVIC HOLIDAY OUTINGS.

to Rochester, Kingston, 1000 Island ports, Brockville and Prescott, via the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers "Toronto" and "Kingston." "Saturday to Monday" tickets extended to permit passengers to leave destination on Monday, August 5, arriving back in Toronto Tuesday morning, August 6. This is a splendid opportunity to visit the beautiful 1000 Islands, and you lose no time from business. For tickets and berth reservations apply at Ticket Office, 2 King street east, Toronto.

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the sixth time that you have gone away without paying." "Oh, my dear young lady, when a man sees you he forgets everything else."—Fliegende Blätter.



ROBINA CRUSOE.—Life.

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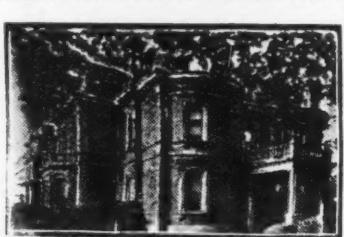
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THE vaudeville season at Shea's

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Mr. Shea will present to his patrons

during the coming season many original

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the number of new acts for the opening

week may be mentioned: Buckner,

the sensational cyclist; Sears, the

illusionist; Joe Demming, Estelle

Wordette and Co., Sisters McConnell,

Johnston and Harty, Norton and Rus-

sell.

The Princess, the Royal Alexandra,

the Grand and the Majestic will be

opened the first week of the Exhibi-

tion. The first offering at the new

King street theatre will, it is said, be

a first-class musical play.

Henry Miller, now in Europe, has

received several tempting offers for

the British rights to "The Great Di-

vide," but has refused them all. Lewis

Waller, George Alexander and Oscar

Ashe are among the prominent actor-

managers who want to play Mr. Mil-

ler's role of Stephen Ghent in Lon-

don. But they were all denied, and the

certainly is that the famous William

Vaughn Moody drama will not be

seen in the world's metropolis for at

least a year, and that then it will be

played there with Mr. Miller and

Margaret Anglin in their original

roles. Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin

will devote the coming season to

showing the play to Americans, begin-

ning a limited return New York en-

gagement at Daly's Theatre on Aug-

ust 26, and then visiting all the

principal cities from coast to coast

and going back to New York for a third

run in the spring.

Margaret Anglin recently was the

guest of Giacomo Puccini, the famous

composer of "La Boheme," "Tosca,"

etc., in Milan, Italy, and later visited

the family of Maurice Maeterlinck, the

celebrated Belgian poet, dramatist,

and mystic in Brussels. Puccini, while

in New York last winter saw

Miss Anglin and Henry Miller in

"The Great Divide" and was so im-

pressed with the Moody drama that

its influence will be felt in the Ameri-

can grand opera which he soon is to

write. It is said that Puccini con-

siders Miss Anglin the greatest Eng-

lish speaking actress, and says if she

were French or Italian she would un-

doubtedly hold a position of world-

wide fame second to no living actress.

Wilton Lackaye is to begin his sea-

son in neither "Bravur, Jim's Baby,"

recently tried out by him in Wash-

ington (D.C.), nor "The Red Robe,"

but in Hall Caine's dramatization of

his well-known novel of "The Bond-

man." This play was acted with all

indications of success last autumn in

Drury Lane Theatre, London. Wil-

liam A. Brady has obtained the rights

of the play for the United States and

Canada, with the original settings and

costumes. Mr. Lackaye's role will, of

course, be Jason. It was acted in the

London production by Frank

Cooper, who ought to be pleasantly

remembered in this country for his

excellent work in the Irving-Terry

repertoire when those stars were here

in 1893-94.

Wright Lorimer and William A.

Brady have parted company, after a

partnership of three seasons, devoted

to the former's play of "The Shep-

herd-King," save for the diversion,

last season, of some performances of

Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." Their al-

liance was formed after Mr. Lorimer

had invested a fortune in producing

his play in New York city. It is un-

derstood that both profited, more-

over, by the arrangement that made

Mr. Brady the other's manager. Mr.

Lorimer is to star in a new play

called "The Quicksands."

John Hare, the veteran English

comedian, has been reviewing his

youth and lamenting the loss of the

stock companies. "What splendid op-

portunities," he says, "a young fel-

low had in those days! I know that

I played three or four different parts

every week. Nowadays, a young actor

goes on a tour in a piece, and

has to play, perhaps, the small part

for years. He has no opportunities

for showing what he can do." The

touring system, he thinks, is a bad

one. "An actor is chosen for a par-

ticular part, and after he has done

playing it he has to get another en-

gagement. Formerly actors remained

under one management for years.

They worked together, and they got a

certain set of traditions. Look at the

Comedie Francaise. Go and see 'Le

Malade Imaginaire,' or 'Le Bour-

geoisie Gentilhomme.' You will

see it played exactly as it was in the

reign of Louis XIV. The traditions

are handed down even to the minutest

detail, and as the company are al-

ways playing together the ensemble

is perfect. Here, if we want to re-

vive 'The School for Scandal,' we

have to do it more or less by guess-

work. At the Comedie Francaise you

can see not only the plays of Moliere,

but those of the moderns. Dumas fils

and Angler, for instance, played ex-

actly as they were on their original

production. Here a good play has a

run and then is put away. In France

such a play would remain in the re-

pertory. We do nothing to keep alive

the literature of our stage. There is

want of concentration at some particu-

lar point."

Charles Macklin's famous comedy,

"The Man-of-the-World," is to be re-

vised the coming season by Robert

Mantell as a special bill for after-

noons. So far as the records show,

the comedy has not been acted on this

side of the water since the days of

James H. ("Falstaff") Hackett, father

of James K. Hackett. As a very

young man, Mr. Mantell acted in the

play in support of Samuel I helps, in

Sadler's Wells Theatre, London.

Phelps was the greatest of modern

actors of Sir Pertinax MacGyscophant,

the role Macklin wrote to fit his own

special talents. This will be Mr.

Mantell's first appearance in formal

comedy in more than twenty years,

or since he acted Charles Surface, in

1886, in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago,

in company with Herbert Kelcey,

Caroline Hill, Harry Hawk, Ida Ver-

non and Ada Hyas.

An American author and composer

are now at work on a new musical

play for Miss Elsie Janis, who will

begin an engagement of several years

under the Dillingham management

with the coming season.

N. C. Goodwin is quoted in western

newspapers as announcing his retire-

ment from the stage. George Broad-

hurst, author of "The Man of the

Hour," says he has a commission

from Goodwin to provide him with a

play, and quotes him as having said:

"Write me one like 'The Man of the

Hour,' without a part specially de-

signed for a star. Put in a lot of good,

man-like types, as you did in that

piece, and let me pick my own when

you've finished the 'script.'"

A pretty story concerning the late

Mr. Gladstone is told by Miss Annie

Hughes, the charming English ac-

trix, who fills the role of Tommy, the

girl sub-editor, in Mr. Jerome K.

Jerome's interesting play. When a

child of twelve Miss Hughes lived

with her mother in Bedford Square.

P. T. O. relates that one evening she

was sent to Mudge's Library in Lon-

don to change some books, and as she

was running past the British Museum

someone came in her way. It was

Mr. Gladstone with whom the little



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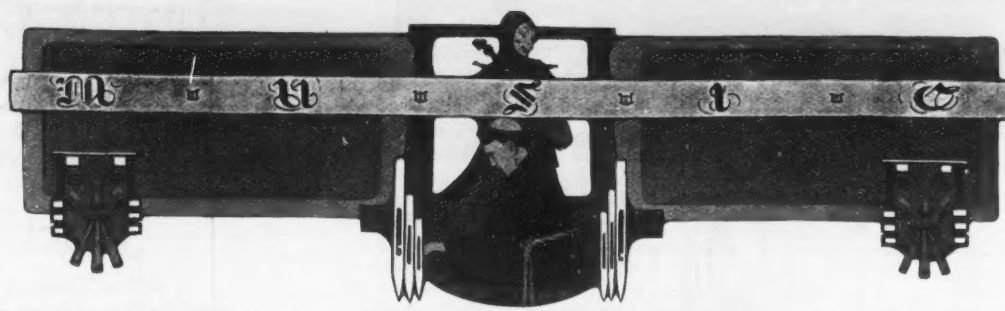
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THE famous Duss band has been engaged by Manager Solman to give two concerts a day at the Island for two weeks, opening on Monday next. The Duss band had a most favorable impression when they played here a few years ago.

Mr. Rechab Tandy has severed his connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that he has established himself at his new vocal studio, 97 Yonge street, Toronto, where he will receive his pupils from September 2, prox.

Miss Olive Scholey, pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, passed most successfully in her vocal examinations recently held at the Toronto College of Music taking first-class honors and winning the Torrington gold medal for excellence in solo singing. Miss Scholey has an excellent contralto voice of pleasing quality and good range. She has been heard on many occasions by Toronto audiences and has always been most enthusiastically received. At the last production of "Redemption" Miss Scholey sang in a trio with Madam Albani, who spoke very highly of the excellence of this young lady's voice.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley of the Conservatory of Music is spending a month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, U. S. A.

What is called "a great musical movement" is going on in England. At a recent meeting in London, of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals, the fact was brought out that in about sixty districts in all parts of the Kingdom musical competition festivals are held, and that their number is steadily increasing. Musical tournaments were held centuries ago by troubadours and other minstrels, but these are different. There are drawbacks to the modern festivals—an occasional pot-hunting spirit and too much regard for winning medals and prizes, but the good far outweighs the bad. An English journalist says that these festivals "excite an amount of enthusiasm hardly to be generated in any other way, and beget results to correspond." According to Wagner, enthusiasm is the most essential of all things for securing success in a musical undertaking; without it, for instance, the choruses in the last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony cannot possibly be sung.

Two leading musical experts of England have lately said things worth quoting with reference to these competition festivals. Mr. W. H. Hadow, one of the speakers at the meeting referred to, said it was a mistake to measure a nation's progress in matters artistic by the individual achievements of its greatest men. Everybody feels proud of these men, but it is not by them that we should be saved, but by the degree of cultivation obtaining among the community at large. Of this degree of cultivation, Mr. Frederick Corder wrote the other day: "I have heard choirs of mill-girls that made me wonder what was left for the archangels; I have heard choirs of rough men brought to the fine edge of a solo quartet of trombones; but that crowning glory of the North, the well-selected mixed choir, carefully trained by some local conductor, can touch the heart and compel the willing tear in a way that nothing else can."

Mark Hambourg has, in a London journal, a tilt at the tiresome pedants who object to the performance of Bach's organ pieces on the piano. He maintains that Bach wrote these pieces for the organ chiefly because the organ in his day was a better instrument than the piano, or its precursor, the spinet. To-day matters are reversed, and there are beauties in these works which can be better revealed on the piano than on the organ, and should therefore be played by pianists. He might have added that, inasmuch as there are in a community a thousand pianos for every large organ, some pedants discourage the diffusion of the knowledge and enjoyment of some of Bach's grandest works.

There is a probability that Maud Powell, the brilliant American solo violinist, and Herr Kreisler, who, it is said, has taken the place once held in

critical estimation by Joachim, will be heard in Toronto during the coming season.

The fact that one of the most popular musicians in Vienna, Josef Hellmesberger, died leaving only \$6,000, causes Mr. Blumenberg to remark that "a man of the position held by Hellmesberger in Vienna, located in a large American city, would have fared like Carl Baermann, Faellen, B. J. Lang (worth a quarter of a million), and dozens of others. I know an organist in Boston who has in work and teaching made in twelve years in clear profit, over expense, \$60,000. There it is, put away on interest. He is no exception. His case cannot be touched anywhere in Europe, where they appreciate music so much that they refuse to pay musicians." The editor of the Musical Courier, evidently overlooked the following advertisement in the latest number of the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung: "The position of musical director of the University of Tübingen is to be newly filled on October 15 of this year. Emoluments for the same are the usual room rent and the sum of \$500 a year, to be increased by \$50 every third year up to a maximum of \$800. . . . Besides this, the director has an income of \$125 to \$150 a year from instruction given in two local seminaries in theory and practice of music, particularly organ playing. Usually, too, the Musik director conducts the Academic Musical Society and receives remuneration therefor." What more could anyone desire?

An English visitor to Rome, with a taste for music, felt desirous recently to make acquaintance with the style of light opera at present in vogue in Italy. "La Ragazza del Villaggio," he was informed, was the very thing to enlighten him. And so to "La Ragazza del Villaggio" he betook himself. It turned out to be a familiar friend—otherwise Lionel Monckton's "A Country Girl." The composer's name appeared on the programme as "L. Mancheon."

Buelow has a wonderful memory, as was evidenced by his astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's Concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra in that composer's presence without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played piano. "No," replied Buelow, "it is sforzando." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Buelow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass wind players lost his place. "Look for B flat in your part," said Buelow, still without his notes. "Five measures farther on I wish to begin."

When Gilbert and Sullivan parted company all lovers had cause to regret it deeply. The reason why they separated has not heretofore been known officially; but we know it now. On July 2 Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote to the Dublin Evening Herald to correct various errors regarding himself contained in an article which appeared in that journal. He denied that he had prosecuted an organ-grinder for annoyance, and then applied for permission to appear as his counsel. He denied that he had ever spoken rudely to a member of his company. As for his collaborator, "the separation" was not between "Gilbert and Sullivan" but between himself and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. It arose from a question whether a sum of £1,500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre was properly



Musical Critic (to host).—"Very firm tread your daughter has."—Punch.

included in the preliminary expenses of the production of "The Gondoliers." I had no quarrel with Sir A. Sullivan though a coolness existed between us for a time, in consequence of his declining to interfere in the difference between Mr. Carte and myself. This coolness lasted a very short time, and was quickly done away with by mutual expressions. English journals have a funny story about W. S. Gilbert's incapacity to remember his new title when he went to London the other day to attend a dinner. By constant repetition of the words, "Sir William, Sir William," the title became fixed in his mind until his attention was distracted by some event in the street. On arriving at the house at which he was to dine, the author of "The Mikado" gave his name to the footman as "Mr. Gilbert." "Sir William, I believe," promptly replied that functionary.

In the German town of Markneukirchen almost all the inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of violins. This industry engages hardly less than fifteen thousand workmen, including those in the town and several neighboring villages. The violin, the body of which is generally formed of pine or maple, contains nearly sixty different parts, inside and out. Besides the belly and back, there are the neck, the scroll, the nut, the sides, the bridge, the post, the button, the brackets, the bar, the pegs, etc. In commercial violin making, like that practised at Markneukirchen, all the pieces are measured, cut, and polished, so as to resemble exactly a model from which no variation can be made. The old man, whose eyesight is more or less feeble, works chiefly on the ebony nuts and pegs. Those who are more skillful make the scroll and the bridges. Young men with keen eyesight and firm, strong hands, have the special task of putting the pieces together,—a difficult operation, requiring absolute precision. It is said that the women are remarkably clever at varnishing the instruments; that further, in all matters dealing with the composition of the varnish, each family has a secret process, transmitted from mother to daughter, some using a deep red varnish, others one bordering on orange, etc.—Translated.

## A Country Road.

Not this road, friend; 'tis whim of mine  
To turn my back on beech and pine  
And running brooks that sing and shine,  
The while your prospects with ease  
And press your suit with ease.  
I went this road another day,  
A glowing, pulsing, perfect day.  
The growing grasses laughed with me;  
The young leaves quivered in their glee;  
The ox-eyed daisies peeped to see  
So glad a thing as I.

As I, a-tremble with sweet fear,  
Because of one who lingered near,  
Because he whispered in my ear  
The very words I longed to hear;  
Because—because he was so dear—  
Not this road, friend, I pray.

Of this one spot my thought doth make  
A garden rare for old sake's sake;  
And should your foot crush fern or brake,  
Or ox-eyed daisy, wide awake,  
This worldly heart of mine would ache—  
Not this road, friend, I pray.

—Jean Biewett, in The Canadian Magazine.

Among the Torontonians at The Minnieganashene, Georgian Bay, are: Mr. A. D. Langmuir, W. J. Tappan, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Marion M. McKeand, Miss Jane W. McKeand, Mrs. G. Percy Galt, Miss Yvonne Galt, Miss Torrance, Lavin I. Langmuir, Miss Rolph, Miss Barbara Rolph, Miss Olive C. Matthews, Miss Helen G. Matthews, Sydney W. Band, Mrs. Gunn, Miss Dorothy Gunn, Mrs. James George, Mr. Ruggles George, Mrs. J. T. Warrington, Stanford Warrington, Mrs. W. J. Matthews, Miss Louie D. Matthews, Mrs. Hemming, Miss Hemming, Miss M. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. Gordon McKenzie, Miss Violet McKenzie, Miss Alexandre McKenzie (and maid), George B. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Bert Herrick, H. G.

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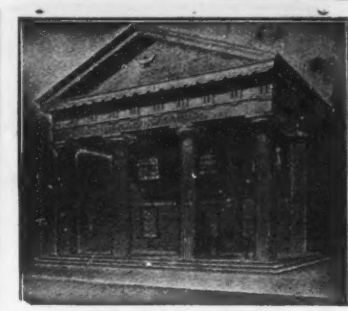
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Toronto people registered at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, this week are: Mr. J. Tower Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. Curry and party, Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Macpherson, Mr. P. E. Hail, the Misses Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave, Mr. J. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Thorburn and Miss Thorburn, Mr. D. W. Saunders and party, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Love, Dr. and Mrs. K. Peaker, Mr. George Storer and party, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Smoke and party, Mrs. P. S. Hairston, Miss Lawrence, Miss Mollie O'Donoghue and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stewart, Mr. W. H. Knowlton, Mr. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer, Mr. E. Cronyn, Hon. G. A. Cox, Mr. James Morrison, Mr. F. G. Morrison, Mr. F. Webb, Mr. A. Betton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Schuch and Mr. C. E. Schuch, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gurney, Mr. C. Cambie, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mr. A. Nordheimer and Mr. Victor Nordheimer, Mr. John C. Boeckh, Mr. Jack B. Jarvis, Mr. R. Carrie, D. MacLean, Mr. G. W. Sayles, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Band, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fisher, Major and Mrs. L. L. Palmer, Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Nicholls, Mr. P. C. Larkin, Mr. S. W. McMichael.

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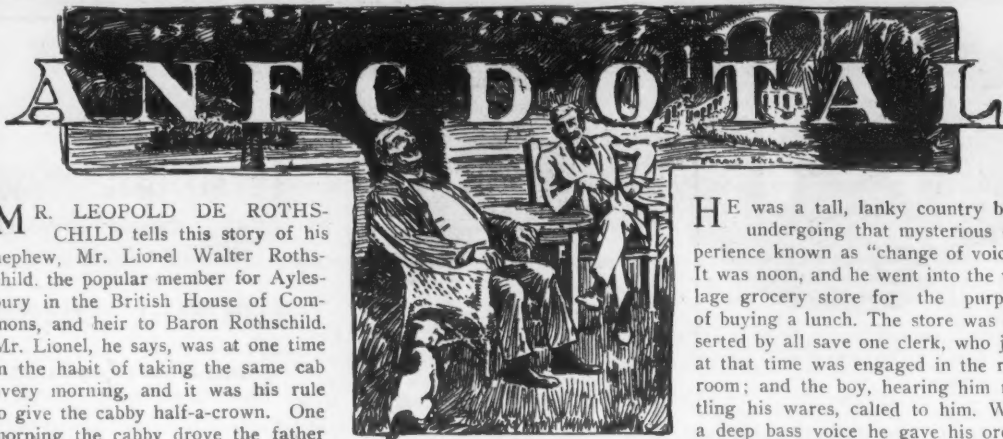
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**AN EC DOTAL**

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD tells this story of his nephew, Mr. Lionel Walter Rothschild, the popular member for Aylesbury in the British House of Commons, and heir to Baron Rothschild. Mr. Lionel, he says, was at one time in the habit of taking the same cab every morning, and it was his rule to give the cabby half-a-crown. One morning the cabby drove the father instead of the son, and the Baron handed the driver a florin. Cabby thereupon peremptorily reminded him that "Mr. Lionel always gives me half-a-crown."

A GERMANTOWN woman, watching a workman as he put up new window fixtures in her house, is reported in Harper's Weekly to have asked: "Don't you think that you have placed those fixtures too high."

The workman, a stolid German, made no reply, but continued to adjust the fixtures.

"Didn't you hear my question?" demanded the lady of the house.

"How dare you be so rude!" Whereupon the German gulped convulsively, and then replied in the gentlest of voices: "I haf my mouth full of schrews, and I could not speak till I swallow some!"

A CERTAIN well-known clubman is a man of such conversation that he is rarely known to answer a plain "yes" or "no" to the most trivial question.

On one occasion two women of his acquaintance were discussing this peculiarity of the clubman, when one of them announced that she was willing to wager that she could make the conservative individual say "no" flatly. The wager being accepted, she addressed the clubman thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Robinson, you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite bow, "as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."

A CERTAIN woman who always buys her flour by the barrel, not being satisfied with the quality after using about half, requested that it be returned to the store, and exchanged, naming another brand made by the same mill. The grocer, thinking to play a joke, and reasoning that it really was all imagination, asked the miller to refill the same barrel and put on the new label. This was done and the flour was delivered.

The new barrel proved entirely satisfactory until about the same amount had been used as before, when the lady called at the store, highly indignant, calling the grocer a scoundrel and an imposter, and demanding the return of the flour.

The reason leaked out later. When the barrel was sent back, she had left in it a blue saucer used in dipping up the flour. On her discovering it again the game was up. The grocer lost a customer, but had had his joke, proved his point, and was satisfied.

CHANNING POLLOCK, who wrote "The Little Gray Lady," tells a yarn in connection with the first production of that play which, if it does not adorn a tale, certainly points a moral. This is the way Life tells the story:

The day before the piece went on at the Garrick Theatre, Maurice Campbell, the manager, came to him with a request to embellish the program with some poetical quotations.

"But I can't think of any at the moment," Mr. Pollock said, "which would be at all appropriate, and the time is too short for me to look them up."

"Oh, make up a few, then," retorted Mr. Campbell, who, like most theatrical managers, considers nothing in this world very difficult after several years' experience in managing stars.

Mr. Pollock, only too willing to please, sat down and wrote this couplet, which seemed particularly apropos of the play:

A man made weak by loving,  
Then strong by being loved.

He could think, he says, of no author, living or dead, who is so little read as Arthur Symonds, and he gayly attributed the lines to that distinguished gentleman.

The following morning Mr. John Corbin, one of New York's well-known critics, in reviewing the play in the usual way, wrote in part, somewhat in this wise:

The program, however, was marred by several quotations which had no bearing whatever on the play. It was particularly distressing to see those beautiful and well-known lines of Arthur Symonds given such prominence.

HE was a tall, lanky country boy, undergoing that mysterious experience known as "change of voice." It was noon, and he went into the village grocery store for the purpose of buying a lunch. The store was deserted by all save one clerk, who just at that time was engaged in the rear room; and the boy, hearing him rattling his wares, called to him. With a deep bass voice he gave his order, "A dime's worth of cheese," when his voice got beyond his control, and the rest of the order, "nickel's worth of crackers," was given in a high feminine tone.

"All right," shouted back the clerk; "I'll be there in a minute, and wait on both of you."

A BANK clerk tells the following story: A landlady who carried rather a large deposit in our bank came in one day, and wished to draw a considerable amount of her balance. It so happened that the cash on the counter was not sufficient; so we were obliged to go to our reserve fund. It was an unusually busy day and customers were waiting while we toiled through the troublesome safe combinations, and finally counted out to her the sum asked for. Taking the money and counting it carefully, turning and mixing tens and twenties indiscriminately, the lady, satisfying herself that it was really all there, pushed it back across the counter, and said, "I'd like a draft for that, please."

DURING his recent entertainment by royalty Mark Twain assured King Edward VII. that he approved Windsor Castle with its grounds and would like to buy it. "The king entered into the spirit of the occasion," says the press report. Thus did Mark Twain again follow in the footsteps of Artemus Ward.

When Artemus was in London, writing articles for Punch, he visited the British Museum, and he punched the walls with his umbrella to see if the masonry was all right.

To use his own words: "A man with a gold band on his hat said, in a harsh voice, that I must stop pokin' the walls. I told him I would do so by all means."

"You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawing him closer to me in a confidential way, "you see, I'm looking around this museum and if I like it I shall buy it."

THE list of good legal stories has been increased by one that is told by the Montreal Star. As it goes, Chief Justice Falconbridge, of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Riddell, newly appointed as a judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto not long since. According to some legalists who were present the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Riddell, who, by the way, was not to the same extent injured against the tediousness of the proceedings as were his colleagues, was observed to pass one of them a slip of paper, on which, presumably, were written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues, there was a subdued suggestion of mirth apparent on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

"Oo is it makes that bloomin' noise?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"It's counsel's openin' argument,"

The color-sergeant said.

"Oo 'as to 'ear the bally stuff?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"The chief and his two hired men,"

The color-sergeant said.

"For he doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts;

His logic is so rotten you can see through all the cracks,

And he's pretty sure to get it where the chicken got the axe,

When the Court delivers judgment in the morning."

AN old negro who lives in the country came into town and saw an electric fan for the first time in his life. The whirling object at once attracted his attention, and after intently gazing at it for several minutes, showing all the while the greatest astonishment and curiosity, he turned to the proprietor of the shop and said:

"Say, boss, dat sottenly is a lively squirrel you got in dis yeah cage. But he's shorely goin' to bus' his heart ef he keeps on makin' dem resolutions so fas'."

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## A STOLEN BATTLESHIP

(Continued from page 9.)

others feast ashore, for at eleven the Actæon is due to sail."

The banquet on the following Wednesday evening was a grand success. It was a warm autumn evening, though somewhat dark, but those who were assembled at the fête in the public park could plainly distinguish the lines of the magnificent battleship lying nearly a mile out in the bay, for she was decorated gaudily with Chinese lanterns, and stood out—an edifice of twinkling light—against the blackness of the sky and water.

The great ship had been toasted a thousand times by individual banqueters and by groups of excited admirers. If a vessel can feel proud and flattered, she must surely have spent a royal evening, for every throat hailed her as defender and hero, as the country's darling and pride, as the savior of the honor of the nation, and so on. Each banqueter awaited the supreme moment of national joy and triumph, when, at ten o'clock, the nation would salute the embodiment of its power—the pledge of imminent victory—with the discharge of a great many guns and rockets, which demonstration would just precede the embarkation of the crew, and be the signal for the break up of the happy national gathering.

Officers and crew were preparing to depart. They pledged, in the last glasses of wine, their relatives, their lovers. It was time to begin their farewells, for in five minutes up would go the rockets and bang would go the guns, and then—away to battle and to glory! The partings would not be for long. In a couple of days Vandol'a should be smoking in ashes, and within a week the Actæon would be back in harbor, her mission of destruction accomplished.

And now the psychical moment had arrived.

With a sudden starting swish and a great whirr up went the first rocket—the signal for the grand national salute.

Bang went the guns from the two small forts, one on each side of the harbor, answering one another. It was a very fine effect, and with the discharge of rockets well kept up in the foreground made altogether a notable demonstration, though undoubtedly a noisy one for sensitive ears. While this grand national salute was still in progress, the searchlight was suddenly switched on by the Actæon, and, sweeping up and down the sea-front, added enormously to the general effect of light and brilliance, as well as to the enthusiasm of the people, who yelled their delight at full lung power.

"That searchlight is a good idea," said the young Prince of Pegrim (the rejected swain of Princess Angela), who sat at table with Petrucchi, captain of the Actæon, on his left.

Petrucchi said nothing; he bowed. The thing was a surprise to him; he did not quite understand why it had been done, for no orders had been left as to the searchlight. He agreed with the Prince, however, that the idea was a good one, and felt somewhat grateful towards the young officer left in charge of the ship for having thought of it.

Suddenly during a lull in the din of salutation from fort and sea-front, the very loud discharge of a big gun from on board the Actæon startled for an instant the assembled crowd, but was quickly greeted with a tremendous cheer.

"Aha! she is replying to our salutes!" cried the delighted inhabitants. "Good old Actæon—what a gun, eh?" Only think of poor Vandolia peppered by our little nine-inch with the full charge in her—eh?—what?"

All Pegrim was thoroughly acquainted with the armament of the Actæon; the newspapers had made it their business to educate the people on this point.

"That must have been the nine-inch!" exclaimed the Prince. "What a terrific discharge! And did you observe the disturbance of the air above us? Why, it might have been a shell flying overhead!"

Captain Petrucchi had risen in his place.

"What dickens—" he exclaimed, forgetting in his agitation that he was in the presence of royalty—"what the dickens is young Martin-sen about?"

He did not say that a shell had actually flown over the heads of the feasters, but he knew it.

Bang went the salutes once more, and crash!—there followed a second discharge from the Actæon. This time a very remarkable thing happened. The Admiralty building, looking out upon the grand sea-front of St. Louis, was a fine, ornate structure, quite new. A gigantic figure of Neptune ornamented the centre of the huge Doric porch. The Actæon's searchlight had illuminated this por-

tion of the building with a blaze of radiance, as though calling attention to the fact that this day Pegrim, as mistress of the ocean—in so far, that is, as concerned her own share of it and that of Vandolia—claimed, henceforward, once and for ever, the special protection of the sea-god.

This delicate poetical allusion had been observed and appreciated by the people, whom it greatly delighted.

But at the second discharge of the Actæon's big gun it was seen, to the horror of all, that where, a moment before, great Neptune had surmounted the Doric porch, which was his footstool, there was now neither statue nor porch, but instead a heap of ruined masonry from which arose clouds of dust and smoke.

"Good Heavens!" cried one and all, "there has been a terrible accident! The Actæon's gun was loaded, unknown to the gunners, with shell cartridge!"

The captain, Petrucchi, was in despair; he stood staring at the ruins, tearing his hair, weeping and groaning.

"He has gone mad! Martinsen has gone mad!" he cried; and forthwith, without greeting to prince or peer, he dashed away towards the jetty, shouting aloud for his officers to follow him. "Lieutenant Martinsen," he shouted, "whom I left in charge of the ship, has gone mad, and is bombarding the town!"

As to the bombardment, there was not much doubt of that, though, fortunately, no shells were directed among the teeming masses of the population, the feasters, and the spectators. Had Martinsen sent a shell or two among the crowd, that would have been disaster indeed! The two forts, however, were blown to pieces very quickly, and there was a sudden end to the saluting.

Then the people realized that something had gone seriously wrong on board the Actæon, and though she had now ceased firing, they stood no longer in crowds, but dispersed hither and thither, and discussed the situation in small groups, shivering and wondering, and watching the captain's cutter as it neared the great vessel which had suddenly behaved itself in so unseemly and surprising a fashion.

They saw the small boat reach the battleship, and watched the officers go aboard. Presently the cutter returned to the harbor, and there stepped ashore a stranger, who asked to be taken to the Prince of Pegrim.

The Prince was himself close to the landing-stage and was soon in conversation with the stranger, who, to his amazement, promptly bade the city surrender to *force majeure*, on pain of being blown to matchwood by the guns of his Majesty's ship Actæon.

"By our own ship?" exclaimed the Prince. "What do you mean, sir? Are you the mad Lieutenant Martinsen?"

"Pardon, Highness," said the other; "I am not Martinsen; neither is the Actæon any longer an item in your navy list; she is already our prize of war; in the name of his Vandolian Majesty we captured the ship at 7.15 this evening, shortly after the declaration of war."

"Arrest him!" shrieked the Prince. But the stranger quickly flashed a lantern over his head, once, twice, and thrice. Instantly a gun from the big ship roared out in response to the signal. There was a cloud of dust and stones, and another bit of the Admiralty lay in ruins.

"Donner und Blitzen-wetter!" cried the Prince, who always preferred to swear in German. "We are lost!"

"Yes," said Otto, "you are lost, Highness; you had better give the necessary orders and come aboard at once with the members of your Cabinet."

The fishery dispute was settled presently, but not in the manner expected by his Pegrimese Majesty. On the contrary, the Vandolian treasury was the richer for the arrangement by the comfortable sum of two million dollars, and his own the poorer by exactly that sum. The marriage of Princess Angela was settled also, and settled in perfect accordance with the ideas of Prince Otto and of the charming Princess herself.

As for that fine ship, the Actæon, she floats at this moment in the pretty Vandolian harbor of Aquapara, the pride and the delight of the nation that possesses her, and in her the mastery of the seas—those, at least, which wash the shores of their own native country and of Pegrim, their natural enemy.

Hicks—You look worried, old man. Wicks—Why shouldn't I look worried? My wife and three daughters have all gone into Christian Science, and now I have to do the worrying for the whole family.—Somerville Journal.

## Where Millions Go

Levish and Even Aboard Expenditures of Americans Travelling in Europe.

OVER three hundred thousand travelers cross the Atlantic eastward every year and a very easy calculation will give some idea of the vast amount of money that they carry, with them and surrender to the greedy hands that are always open for the smallest contributions. Of course no precise figures are available, but the amount thus annually spent in Europe is certainly not less than \$228,000,000.

Only a very small part of this vast sum goes in actual and legitimate expenses, that is to say, in steamship and railway fares and hotel bills, says a magazine writer. The larger amount is spent in trinkeries, for Paris still holds in her hands the fashions of the world and is likely to do so until the American woman realizes that she can dress better—that is to say more becomingly and appropriately—in New York than she can in Europe. But then women are notoriously deficient in, or indifferent to, the beautiful and the artistic in dress and are quite content with every ugliness that fashion dictates. Paris, therefore, takes her annual toll from American women to the tune of about \$8,000,000 for costumes and \$1,500,000 for hats which have nothing in particular to recommend them except the name of the maker.

Then again a small fortune is spent in curiosities and antiquities. For genuine works of art the money would perhaps be well spent, but genuine works of art are few and far between, and as for the antiquities, their manufacture is one of the most lucrative industries in Europe. The rich tourist thinks he is far too clever to go to the regular antiquity shops. He has heard of the manufacture of these things, and he summons all his native cunning to his rescue and adopts a plan of his own of which the wily dealer is well aware and has circumvented it in advance. The antiquity hunter, searching for his prey, haunts tobacco shops and taverns in obscure parts of the old cities, and while he is being served he tries to get a glimpse of the little reeking back room which is just the place to find an ancient clock or a wonderful piece of antique furniture. He is quite right in his surmise. It is certainly the right place, because just such an object, direct from the factory, has been placed there, and in just such a position that the casual visitor may see it through the half-shut door and imagine that by the merest and most lucky accident he has fallen upon a precious treasure.

There is not much chance nowadays of finding real antiquities in any such way. Those who make it their business to buy the real articles have ransacked Europe from end to end, and it is but ill-gleaning after such hands. Only the expert can tell the real from the false, and the average tourist, however clever he may think himself, is but as a sheep before his shearers in such a matter as this. The professional antiquity hunter has always been before him and has taken away whatever is worth the cartage, but so long as the demand exists the supply is not likely to fall short. It is the same way on the great European battlefields—Waterloo for example. Fabulous prices are paid for relics that are supposed to have been found on the field—bullets, bits of harness, scraps of metal from uniforms, and the like. Some of these may be genuine but the battle was fought a long time ago and the relic merchant has been doing a brisk trade ever since. Obviously it is so much easier to make these things than to find them that the credulity of tourists is hard to explain except upon the very plausible theory that we love to be humbugged and that the prospect of a bargain shuts the eyes of common sense. It is said that American tourists pay an annual sum of \$2,000,000 for so-called curiosities, for antiques bits of chipped pottery—indeed for anything that is offered to them and that has a correct and plausible label attached.

Tips of course run away with enormous sums of money and the virtues of the European waiter and hotel servant—if they ever had any—deteriorate accordingly. It is easy to complain of the extortionate demands of these people, but it is our own kith and kin that have taught them the insolence of greed. To give tips is now the only way to travel without friction and it is useless to preach the gospel of self-denial to those to whom ease is the essence of life.

"I can't spare the money very well, but I'll gladly loan it to you if you promise not to keep it too long." "I solemnly swear that I'll spend every cent of it before to-morrow morning!"—Fliegende Blätter.

# York Springs

**York Beverages Are These:**

YORK SPRINGS WATER (natural)  
YORK SPARKS (York Springs Water, charged with purified carbonic gas).  
YORK GINGER ALE  
YORK SASSAPARILLA  
YORK SODA  
YORK POTASH WATER  
YORK APERIENTIS (the perfect laxative)  
YORK GINGER BEER  
YORK LEMONADE

York Springs Dry Ginger Ale is perfection as a Summer-day beverage, because it does more than merely allay thirst for the time being. It quenches thirst; and it braces and stimulates the whole body, with no consequent reaction. York Springs Dry Ginger Ale gets its keen pungency and sparkling crispness of flavor from pure, selected Jamaica ginger-root, combined with other pure vegetable aromatics, and ideally pure York Springs Water, lightly charged with purified carbonic acid gas. There is only a trace of sweetness about this delightful beverage—it has the "sec" of fine champagne, and is almost as invigorating,

although there is no alcohol in it. Chilled slightly, sipped slowly, a glassful of York Springs Dry Ginger Ale instantly refreshes parched throats, lessens the heat of the blood, cools the brain and body, and withal puts tone and vim into the system,—the effect of the ginger it contains. Not even the finest imported ginger ales, though these cost much more, excel York Springs Dry Ginger Ale in absolute purity and actual quality. Not one of them vies with it in the delicious piquancy and snap of its inimitable flavor. Everyone does not know how good a summer drink such a Dry Ginger Ale really is. Try it for yourself,—it is certain to please your palate.

FOR SURETY OF PURITY ALL YORK BEVERAGES ARE BOTTLED UNDER SCIENTIFIC SUPERVISION AT THE SPRINGS BY  
THE MINERAL SPRINGS Limited, TORONTO

Ask your dealer or Phone M. 6374.

## HIGH &amp; DRY GIN

Commands the highest price in London and is recognized as the Best Dry Gin in the world.



Distilled by  
**BOOTH & CO.,**  
LONDON  
FOUNDED 1750.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS  
**JOHN HOPE & CO., Montreal, Agents for Canada**

All Classes, Ages and Sexes  
**DRINK**  
**Coca-Cola**  
Cooling, Refreshing, Delicious, Thirst-Quenching  
It satisfies the thirst and pleases the palate. Relieves the fatigue that comes from over-work, over-shopping or over-play.  
Puts vim and go into tired brains and bodies.

5c. Everywhere

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 3334.



## ive the Babies Nestle's Food

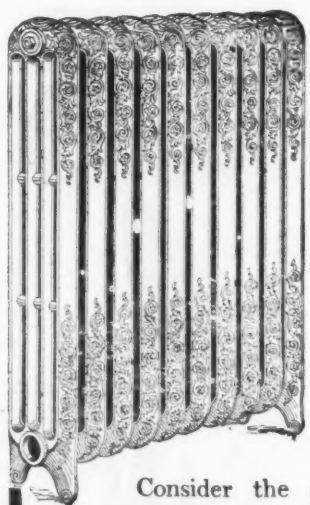
It is suitable for the youngest Infants and the safest food for the baby in the hot weather—easily digested by the most delicate stomach. The doctors recommend the use of Nestle's Food because it is nourishing and keeps the infant's bowels in perfect order, avoiding all risks at this season from impure milk.

Nestle's Food requires only water to prepare.

Ask your Doctor about  
**NESTLE'S FOOD**

The LEEMING MILES CO., Ltd.  
MONTREAL

Write for Recent Work on Infant Feeding and sample free by mail.



Consider the advantages of the hot water heating system before you install a heating apparatus in your house.

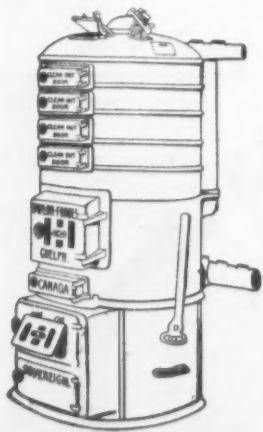
It adds 10 to 15% to the value of your building.

It provides a steady and evenly distributed degree of heat through all the rooms, in spite of any stress of wintry weather—and it does this on a saving of coal.

## SOVEREIGN

Every hot water heater, or radiator, is not made like the "Sovereign." The "Sovereign" is made by the most experienced makers of house heating apparatus in Canada.

"Sovereign" construction secures rapid and free circulation of the heating medium. The "Sovereign" presents several exclusive features not to be found in any other design of heater.



Write for free booklet on the subject of heating  
**TAYLOR-FORBES CO.**  
GUELPH, CANADA  
1088 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO  
122 CRAIG ST. WEST, MONTREAL

### MUSKOKA LAKES.

The brain-fagged and tired business man, or the man who likes a boat or canoe, goes to the Muskoka region. It is an ideal place for a vacation, and it is just the out-of-the-way sort of a spot which the great mass of hurried summer excursionists like. It is far enough north to be cool in the hottest day in summer, and yet is not too far to be difficult of access. The Grand Trunk Express leaves Toronto 11.20 a.m., dining and buffet parlor cars (meals a la carte). The Night Express leaves Toronto 2.40 a.m., ( sleeper open at 10.00 p.m.) arriving Muskoka Wharf at 6.25 a.m., connecting with fine new steamer "Sagamo" for points on Muskoka Lakes.

### A CIVIC HOLIDAY RESORT.

As Monday is Civic Holiday, when thousands of citizens will spend the day in some sort of outing, a great programme is arranged to take place at Scarboro Beach. Capt. Thomas Callaghan, of this city, well known from his record in the Boer war, has been engaged to give balloon ascensions and parachute drops, for which he has become famous. He is now recognized as one of the best aeronauts in the business and gives a wonderful exhibition of aerial flight. Another Toronto favorite is Hardy, the high wire artist, whose daring and skill have made him a favorite everywhere. With this bill is also presented the six flying Banvards in their aerial return casting act and the whole make up a thrilling show. Outside of these features Scarboro Beach is a good place to spend the day. There are 210 bath houses ready for use and a skilled swimmer is always on hand with a boat ready for emergencies. The beach is soft sand, gradually shelving to the lake and is a safe one for bathing. The picnic grounds are large enough to accommodate any crowd and every convenience is provided. The restaurant is close at hand. The concert given by Raven's Band is one of the best features.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

#### BIRTHS.

MCKAY—At 529 Markham street, Toronto, on July 28, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McKay, a daughter.  
HOPKINS—At Mount Albert, on Friday, July 26, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hopkins, a daughter.  
WILSON—On Monday, July 29, at Vancouver, B. C., to Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Wilson, a son.

McLAREN—July 29, at Hamilton, to Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren, a daughter.

KELOGG—On July 26, to Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Kellogg, Berlin, Germany, a son.

HORTON—On July 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Horton, Ottawa, a daughter.

HEAVEN—On July 24, at Oakville, to Rev. Cecil A. and Mrs. Heaven, twin sons.

#### MARRIAGES.

MILLIGAN-McCOSH—On Wednesday, July 24, in Amador, Michigan, by the Rev. G. F. Wilson, Ena McCosh to Arthur Milligan of Toronto.

INGLES-MONTIZAMBERT — On July 25, at St. Mark's church, Parkdale, Wathen Virginia Bell Montizambert, to Charles James Ingles, C.E.

HEAVEN-MACFARLANE — At Winnipeg, July 2, C. Gyde Heaven, to Kate C. MacFarlane.

CROWE-JARDINE — At Oakville, July 25, Raymond Crowe, Guelph, to Agnes Helen Jardine, Toronto.

WILKINSON-KING—On July 23, at Calgary, Rev. H. H. Wilkinson, St. Paul's church, Edmonton, to Lucy M. King, St. Catharines, Ont.

STEWART-WEIR — At Toronto, July 30, Alfred Donaldson Stewart, Ottawa, to Evelyn Helen Weir, Toronto.

COTTER-CHAMBERS—At Bothwell, Ont., July 24, Alice Kerr Chambers, to Henry Crofts Cotter, son of the late G. S. Cotter, Cayuga.

ONSLOW-THOMPSON - CREES — At London, Ont., July 30, George Campbell Onslow-Thompson, to Katharine Helen Crees.

SHEPPARD-FILZEL — At New York, on July 17, Josephine, youngest daughter of Mr. E. E. Sheppard, of Toronto, to Mr. Anthony Filzel, of London, Eng.

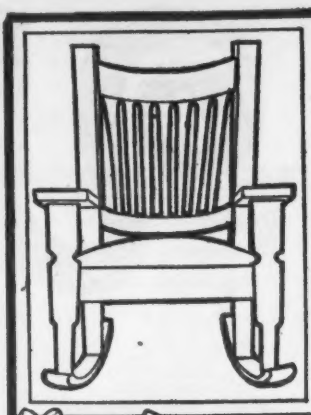
#### DEATHS.

McHENRY—In Montreal, July 30, George H. McHenry, aged 73.

SUTHERLAND—At Norwich, Ont., July 26, Fitzgerald Sutherland, M.D., aged 76.

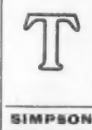
STEPHEN—At Edmonton, Alta., July 21, T. A. Stephen, son of Dr. Stephen, Collingwood.

FORTIER—At Barrie, July 31, Charlotte Duke, widow of the late Chas. de G. Fortier.



## ANNOUNCEMENT

**The Simpson  
House furnishing  
Club Opened Thursday  
in Conjunction with the  
August Furniture Sale.**



THOUSANDS of Canadians in all parts of the Dominion are at this moment well pleased ex-members of our former Housefurnishing Clubs. Each and every one, without exception in shape, substance or degree, so far as we honestly know and believe, is ready to wholeheartedly endorse this plan of furnishing homes, from their own personal satisfaction and experience. It has proven the most liberal convenience ever offered to home members in this country.

The plan is simplicity itself. The benefit is mutual. There is absolutely no extra charge, and there are all the advantages that the membership necessarily entails. First, let us briefly go over the points of the plan itself, points which are, perhaps, already known to you from our former exposition of them.

First—It is a HOUSEFURNISHING CLUB—which means and includes Carpets, Curtains, Furniture and all the interior fittings of a home. We offer to admit 500 members to this Club and its privileges, charging not one cent of fee or interest.

These are the said privileges in ten words:

A CHARGE ACCOUNT AT SIMPSON'S—CASH PRICES FOR THE GOODS.

There are no conditions, absolutely, other than an honest promise to abide by your agreement.

But, mind you, we limit the membership to house owners. We'll take only 500 accounts. The Secretary is now at your service in the Housefurnishing Club Office, in the Curtain Department. Talk it over with him in person, if you can. Write, if more convenient. Take all the advantage, which is yours if you but choose to say the word.

Armchair Carpets.  
Wilton Carpets  
Brussels Carpets  
Tapestry Carpets  
Ingrain Carpets  
Axminster Rugs  
Wilton Rugs

Velvet Rugs  
Brussels Rugs  
Tapestry Rugs  
Oriental Rugs  
Linoleums—Floor Oilcloths  
Lace Curtains  
Portiere Curtains

Upholstery Fabrics  
Window Shades  
Curtain Poles  
Brass Fenders  
Screens  
Pictures  
And everything else for your home.

## The August Furniture Sale

*Looked-for Event of the Store's Summer Programme  
Commenced Thursday*



HOW MANY thousands of dollars our Furniture Sales have saved for our customers in the past it would, of course, be impossible to say. We have been holding these Furniture Sales twice every year for many years. This August we start our sale with the clearing stock of a furniture factory bought to sell at two-thirds of regular price. Few, indeed, are the opportunities to make special terms with furniture makers this year. Prosperity has taxed their utmost output. We have, consequently, made the more strenuous efforts to secure such advantages for you. We have succeeded beyond even our expectations, and thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of new furniture is awaiting your inspection at practically the same figures that manufacturers at other times would charge you if you bought like we do, in carload lots. The goods are here, new, fresh, attractive, perfect and cheap. The question is—do you want Furniture?

Dressers and Stands, elm, oak and mahogany, \$12.15 to \$81.00.  
Odd Dressers, elm, oak, mahogany, and walnut, \$9.50 to \$160.00.  
Dressing Tables, \$9.75 to \$50.00.  
Chiffoniers, assorted woods, \$14.00 to \$80.00.  
Enamel Beds, beautiful designs, \$3.00 to \$29.50.  
Brass Beds, \$19.90 to \$125.00.  
Sideboards, \$11.00 to \$125.00.

Extension Tables, \$6.00 to \$63.50.  
China Cabinets, \$10.50 to \$100.00.  
Dining Chairs, in sets of six, upholstered seats, \$17.90 to \$90.00.  
Parlor Suites, artistic designs, \$21.50 to \$150.  
Parlor and Music Cabinets, \$7.00 to \$75.00.  
Parlor Tables, splendid assortment, \$2.75 to \$39.00.  
Jardiniere Stands, 65c. to \$22.50.  
Rockers, 95c. to \$10.50.

Upholstered Chairs, \$6.75 to \$57.50.  
Hall Racks, \$3.25 to \$50.00.  
Hall Mirrors, \$1.50 to \$18.75.  
Woven Wire Springs, \$1.19 to \$1.50.  
Mattresses, all qualities, \$1.35 to \$25.00.  
Kitchen Chairs, 42c. to \$1.90.  
Kitchen Cabinets, \$8.00 to \$14.00.  
Decks, all styles, \$4.00 to \$75.00.  
Couches, \$6.00 to \$50.00.  
Divans, \$11.50 to \$80.00.

THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

### Double your pleasure on Civic Holiday.

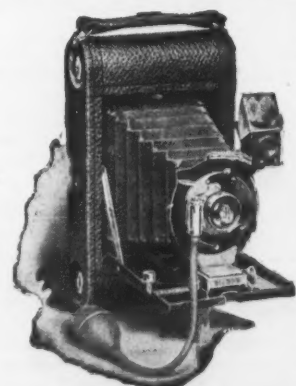
#### Take a Kodak with you

We carry all styles of Kodaks and give all instruction free.

See the No. 2a Brownie for \$3.00.

**J. G. RAMSEY & CO. LIMITED**  
89 Bay Street

Send us your films to develop.



O'REILLY — At Richmond Hill, Long Island, Jane Alice, daughter of the late Major J. E. O'Reilly of Hamilton, Ont.

NEILSON—At Friday Island, Beaumaris, Muskoka, on July 30, Katharine Carmichael, wife of Hugh Neilson.

**W.H. STONE CO.**  
Undertakers  
32 CARLTON ST.  
PHONE NORTH 3755

### SCARBORO BEACH WEEK OF AUGUST 5th

Engagement Extraordinary of the renowned Boer War Veteran and Aeronaut

**CAPT. THOMAS CALLAGHAN**

of Toronto, in his thrilling ascension in a Balloon and Parachute Drop from the clouds—Every Afternoon

Also the intrepid and daring

**HARDY**

The Acknowledged King of all High Wire Artists, and the

**Six—FLYING BANVARDS—Six**

in their Aerial Return Casting Act

**FREE—IN THE OPEN AIR—FREE**

All the other attractions, including **Raven and His Band** in Concert Music

**BATH HOUSES NOW OPEN** with a skillful swimmer always in charge.  
**PICNIC IN SCARBORO GROVE**

**ALEX. MILLARD**  
UNDERTAKER  
Private Mortuary  
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Phone North 4131  
**A. W. MILES**  
Mortician  
388 College St. - TORONTO  
(One block east of Bathurst)



At Home or on Your Holidays Don't Omit the Great Health Food

# SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

Always ready to serve it lends itself to such a variety of dishes it at once solves the problem of "Food Monotony."

## Meat Eaters Yield to Wheat Eaters in Tests

Prof. Fisher, of Yale University, who recently conducted a series of experiments with a view to testing the endurance of flesh eaters and comparing it with the endurance of those who abstain from flesh, found those who trained on wheat foods were superior in every instance in the most severe endurance tests.

**SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** is the purest, cleanest, most natural and nutritious cereal food in existence. A food for the brain workers---for the student---for the laborer---for the mechanic---for the invalid and the athlete.



"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the Ideal summer food

Highly recommended for growing children. Makes good brain, healthy tissue and sound teeth.

Users of **SHREDDED WHEAT** have the sound and healthy body that comes from a natural food rich in proteids that repair the daily waste of tissue and give nerve force. Cut out meats and white flour pastries for ten days. Eat **SHREDDED WHEAT** and notice the difference. Contains more nutriment than corn or oats and is more easily digested.

The Whole Wheat made digestible by Steam Cooking, Shredding and Baking.

The Biscuit (heated in oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruits or creamed vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, for picnics, excursions, for light lunches on land or on sea.

**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED**  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

### Prodiga's.

How strangely prodigal we are  
Who have so short a time to stay?  
We fear to die, but journey far  
For help to pass our time away;  
Because the moments drag we fret,  
Yet dread the end to which we haste;  
We view the past with keen regret,  
And still the precious present waste.

We sigh at night for day to dawn,  
Though we may never, all our lives,  
Bring back a moment that is gone,  
Or keep an hour when it arrives;  
Impatiently we watch and wait  
For pleasures that shall briefly last,  
And, having won them, add the great  
Day of their coming to the past.

We sigh for manhood when the ways  
Are strange and long that stretch ahead,  
And sit regretting wasted days  
When youth and youth's fond hopes are fled;  
Yet, even as we voice regret  
For those glad seasons hurried through,  
We nurse impatience and we fret  
For next year and for something new.

How strangely prodigal we are  
Of that which we should dearly prize!  
We scheme and plan to journey far  
To pass the time that quickly flies;  
We dread the silent end we know  
That each of us must find some-where;  
But, great and small, and high and low,  
Through all our days we hurry there.

—S. E. Kiser.

Wages are high in the Klondike, but they are offset by the great cost of living. Laborers are paid \$6 a day, and clerks from \$150 to \$200 a month; but the hotels charge from \$3 to \$6 a day, and even ordinary board and room cost from \$90 to \$150 a month. Beef, butter, and pork are quoted at 50 cents a pound, and coffee 65 cents. Rice is 10 cents a pound and ordinary flour \$6 a hundred. Potatoes are sold by count and cost \$8 to \$14. Domestic eggs may be had at \$2 a dozen; but those sold under the title of "imported"—somewhat biased from long travel and vicissitudes

of heat and cold—are offered to the adventurous at \$1 a dozen. A meal in a restaurant costs from 75 cents to \$3. Milk is 75 cents a quart—imagine the pride of an Alderney cow earning \$30 a day!—while canned milk retails at \$7.50 for four dozen cans. Apples are \$4 to \$6.50 a box, and oranges \$12.50 to \$25 a box. Singularly enough, there are no Klondike quotations on lemons.

"What is your idea of a perfect husband?" asked the sentimental girl. "A perfect husband," answered Miss Cayenne, "is one who will submit to any amount of reproach because he delayed dinner to see an eleven inning baseball game to the finish and never once allude to the similar delays occasioned by his wife's devotion to illustrate lectures or pianists."—Washington Star.

"My curiosity is running away with me," said a farmer, his two-headed calf proving too strong for him and dragging him around the farmyard. —Harper's Weekly.

### FIFTY YEARS SUCCESSFUL TRADING.

QUITE recently a well-known Scottish writer, Sir Herbert Maxwell, has told the story of a business house whose name and reputation are now world-wide. Yet fifty years ago the first was unknown and the latter had still to be made. How these were brought about is told in the eighty odd pages of a brochure entitled "Half a Century of Successful Trade," which Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey, Limited, have printed and published at their own Pantheon Press, London, England. Starting in 1857 "within the little house in Berwick street," off Oxford street, London, with a capital consisting chiefly of enthusiasm, the two brothers, Walter and Alfred Gilbey, steadfastly pushed forward, until to-day the capital of the firm amounts to \$12,500,000. "The sales of wines and spirits amount on an average to one million dollars in each month. The duty paid to the British Exchequer averages \$2,500,000 per annum, the regular staff consists of more than 1,200 persons, and there are 3,850 agents in the United Kingdom alone." To the latter has to be added the great army of agents in every part of the world, embracing markets "even in such outlandish

and remote regions as Corea and Newchwang in the far East, and the whole of South America in the far West, including Bolivia, where Gilbey's cases may be seen transported across lonely mountain passes on the backs of llamas." Java, too, is a regular customer. London is, of course, the centre of operations, but there are besides "offices and central distributing depots in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin," port wine stores at Villa Nova de Gara in Portugal; a bodega at Jerez in Spain and stores in Cognac and Burgundy.

Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey are one of the restricted, and therefore select, body of firms who are purveyors to Royalty, and Sir Herbert Maxwell thus refers to this interesting phase in the annals of the firm: "Recognition of the character of the business, the principles on which it has been conducted, and it is fair to assume, the quality of its goods, came from the highest source in the year 1900, when Queen Victoria appointed Sir Walter Gilbey, the chairman of the firm at the time, purveyor of wines and spirits to Her Majesty. At about the same period H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, our present Sovereign, appointed Sir Walter wine merchant and distiller to himself, handing the Royal warrant personally to Sir Walter as an unusual mark of special favor." Since His Majesty's accession he has made known his pleasure that his original warrant granted when he was Prince of Wales, should be continued and have force as constituting Sir Walter purveyor as representing the company. The present Prince of Wales has also granted a fresh warrant appointing Sir Walter wine merchant and distiller to His Royal Highness.

In Scotch whisky the reputation of Messrs. Gilbey stands deservedly high. Possessed of three first-class distilleries in the north of Scotland, with an aggregate annual output of about 300,000 gallons of pure Highland malt pot still Scotch whisky, the reserves in bond amount to nearly 3,000,000 gallons, thus ensuring a supply of thoroughly matured whisky. Gin, too, is distilled by Messrs. Gilbey at their own distillery in London, and to again quote from Sir Herbert Maxwell: "Nine-tenths of the dry gin trade in Australasia is in the hands of the firm and very large quantities of 'Old Tom' gin go to North and South America markets, San Francisco on

## The Drink That Cools

When the sun glows like a furnace,  
And the streets seem all afire—  
When the air just fairly sizzles,  
And the mercury jumps higher—  
When you're broiled and baked and roasted,  
And your head can't bear a hat—  
There's coolness, peace and comfort,  
In a glass of "Montserrat."

When the tantalizing flavors  
Of the limes jump out the bowl,  
You can feel the joy just trickling  
Round the corners of your soul.  
And life is worth the living  
No matter where you're at,  
When you hear the ice tink—tinkling,  
In a glass of "Montserrat."

"Montserrat" is satisfying,  
wholesome, and good for young  
and old alike.

It makes the most delicious  
lime-ade you ever tasted.

It gives a new satisfaction to  
mineral waters, ginger ale and  
soda.

It lends an added delightful-  
ness to wines and liquors.

And it is far cheaper than  
lemons.

## "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice

Canadian Agents: NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

The Best that Money can Buy.

# Old Pensioner Gin

Distilled since 1770 by HUMPHREY TAYLOR & CO., LONDON.  
Wholesale Agents:—The Canadian Wine and Spirit Co., Ltd., Toronto.

the west to all the ports on the coast line southward, and so round by the Straits of Magellan and up the east coast to Manaos on the Amazon." All the premises, manufacturing, storing, preparing and packing are upon a scale little short of colossal, but only in keeping with the enormous business carried on from day to day. Enlightened management, attention

to every detail, strict business integrity, and keeping faith with their customers, these are the means whereby the "day of small things," has been passed and by which the grain of seed planted in "the little house in Berwick street" fifty years ago has grown into the great tree whose roots are in London, but the branches of which embrace every portion of the world

known. "It may be," thus concludes Sir Herbert Maxwell, "that knowledge of the leading principles on which they (Messrs. Gilbey) have relied may serve as a beacon to other workers in this competitive world, and throw fresh light upon the sources of that just pride which all Britons may feel in the commercial supremacy of their country."



## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO.

Paid Up Capital: \$3,000,000.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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Interest at best current rates paid quarterly.

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Market Branch: 168 King St. East

### MUSIC FOR YOU NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE

You can live miles away from a large city and yet hear far finer music, in your own home, in the evening, than you would if you lived in the city and at very little expense.

Here's a wonderful little instrument, the Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone, which plays and sings for you, at any time without any effort on your part.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

By its means, you can hear the voices of the greatest singers of the day in all their beauty, clearness and richness of tone—the famous duets of Caruso and Scotti, Caruso and Melba, and other selections.

These wonderful little instruments reproduce, at will, anywhere, music played by masters of the different musical instruments.

They will entertain you with a vaudeville turn, a recitation, a coon song, a band, or an orchestra.

With a Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone in your home, you can have perfect dance music any evening you wish.

Prices \$12.50 to \$120.

Hundreds of new 8 inch records at 40c. each. Others 40c. up.

Records are flat round discs that take up little space and are practically indestructible.

We have some interesting literature about this wonderful little instrument—why not write for it to-day?

### THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO., OF CANADA, LIMITED.

417 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal.

## G. H. MUMM & CO.

### EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE EVER IMPORTED

• S.B. TOWNSEND &amp; CO MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

## CANADIAN NATIONAL

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\$400,000—In New Buildings—\$400,000

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 FIVE ACRES OF INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITS  
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The first week is the best week for comfort.

A Useful Campers' Manual for 10c.



### We Outfit Camping Parties

Provisions, Tents,  
 Utensils, Blankets,  
 Charts of Canoe Routes, Etc.

## Michie & Co., Ltd., 7 King St. W.

An Excellent Book on Camping in Ontario, 50c

### Be Your Own Engineer

It is a rare thing to find a man who insists on being his own engineer, on running his own machine. The majority of people are managed largely by others.

Yet the man who surrenders his judgment to others never develops independence, stamina, stability, or self-reliance. It is infinitely better to make mistakes than never to act on your own judgment. People who are always deferring to others, always asking advice, never amount to much.

What makes a man a real man is the standing for something in himself, something definite, something particular. A man may be very good, and yet not stand for anything, not carry any weight in his community.

It is just as important to the building of a strong character to be self-reliant as it is to be honest, because honesty without independence or stamina is a sort of negative quality.

Resolve at the very outset of your career that, whether you are at the head of a large business or a little one, whether you work for yourself or for somebody else, you will be yourself, that you will do your own thinking, and follow your own judgment, that you will respect yourself, not because you are good, but because you are strong, self-reliant, independent.

A man cannot respect himself when he is the tool of other people and allows himself to be swayed like a reed, this way and that, by the last influence that happens to touch him. Such a man is not trusted, because everybody knows that he is weak, that he is liable to belong to the man who had the last word with him, whether on political or financial matters.

Self-reliance not only helps us to respect ourselves, but it also makes others respect us. We instinctively admire a man who stands for something, who has backbone and stamina enough to follow his own judgment. Weak-kneed, backboneless people, no matter how good they may be, never develop any strength of character, because they do not trust their faculties; they do not exercise their independent qualities, and, of course, they are never developed.

There are plenty of good men with splendid educations who have many good qualities, but who are weaklings, mere children in their self-reliance. I know a business man who is such a complete slave to other people's judgment that he feels absolutely lost the moment he is obliged to take initiative in anything. He is "all at sea" when he cannot find somebody to advise him before he is obliged to act, even on unimportant matters.

The development of good judgment is one of the greatest human achievements.

If in the past you have been depending upon others for your opinions, just try the experiment of trusting yourself, hereafter. Knock the props you have been leaning upon from under you. Stand on your own feet. Do not lean. You will be surprised to find how much more you will think of yourself, how much more confidence you will have in your ability, and how much more other people will respect you. In a short time you will find your effectiveness in everything very much increased.—Success.

### CANADA'S NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

What country has such immense natural advantages as Canada?

Look at her unrivaled water courses, her great lakes and rivers.

No wonder with the most immense bodies of sweet fresh water in the world, that Canada also possesses the most perfect mineral water known.

Radnor water springs from its source in the Laurentians, far from any possible chance of contamination, and is there bottled with the most minute care, no expense being spared to make radnor what it is, the most perfectly bottled water to be found, and the very best of mixers.

Why should ever Canadians drink foreign importations when they have radnor, pure, sparkling, invigorating and Canadian?

"Mamma, why not say my prayers in the morning instead of at night?"

"Why so?"

"There are only burglars and fire at night, but in the daytime I may be run over at any moment."—Life.

A state of frenzy—almost any country south of Mexico.—Harvard Lampoon.

## BRIDAL BOUQUET

### Clear Havana Cigars

"Made from finest old matured Vuelta Havana Tobacco." Genuine Spanish workmanship. "A superior grade cigar."

Concha Size, 3 for 25c; Box of Fifty - - - - \$3.50  
 Caballero Size, 10c. straight; Box of Fifty - - - - \$4.50  
 Esquisitos Size, 2 for 25c; Box of Twenty-five - - - - \$3.00

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## LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

to make a great big difference in the deliciousness of soups, sauces, meats, fowls and game.

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE—He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'

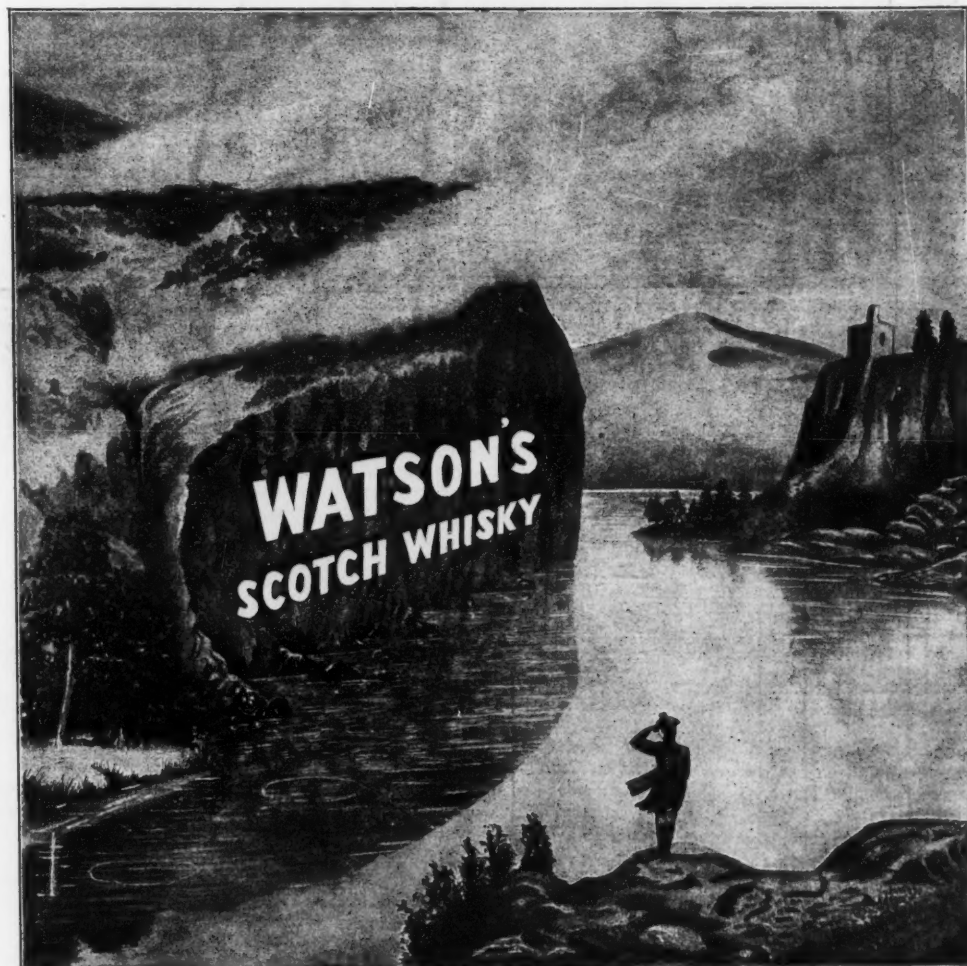
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Guaranteed, with  
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### The Government Says

—"Pay 24c. a gallon extra if you drink imported beer."

You don't get any better beer, remember.

The brewers, themselves, can only say that the lager they ship to Canada is "just the same" as the lager sold in the States.

The best U. S. beer is sold over the line for 10c. a bottle.

In Canada, the same lager sells for 20c. and 25c. a bottle.

YOU pay the difference.

### O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager

is brewed right here in Canada. There is no duty to pay on it. That's why it costs only as much here at home, as imported beers cost at their home.

When you drink O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER," your money goes for lager—NOT custom charges. Insist on having

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE."

O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED

TORONTO.